



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



A RED VELVET
BIBLE.

Sunday
Library
for Young People.



600097375.

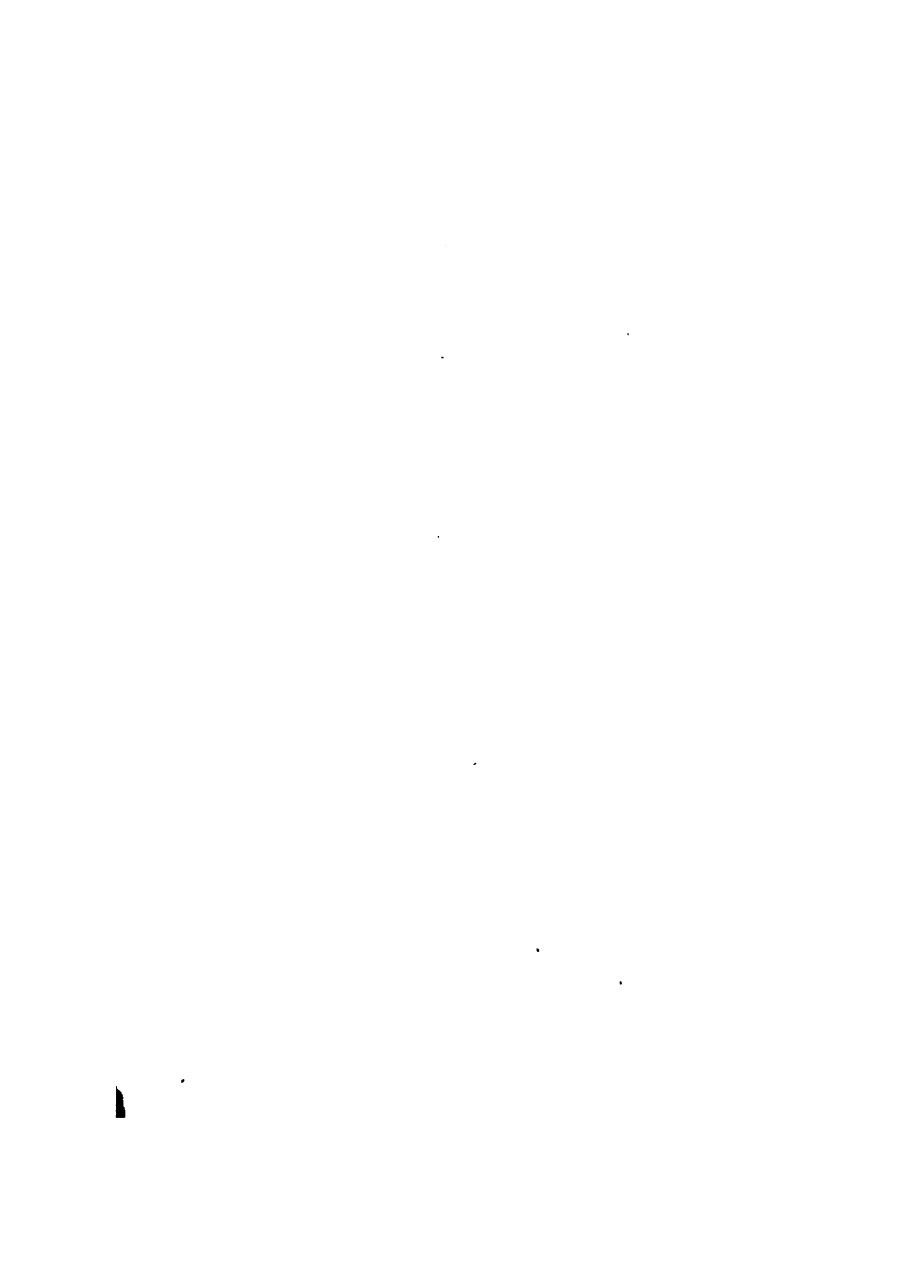






800097375.







"Sweet Bible." (Page 4)

THE STORY
OF A
RED VELVET BIBLE.

By M. H.,
AUTHOR OF "ROSA LINDESAY," ETC., ETC.

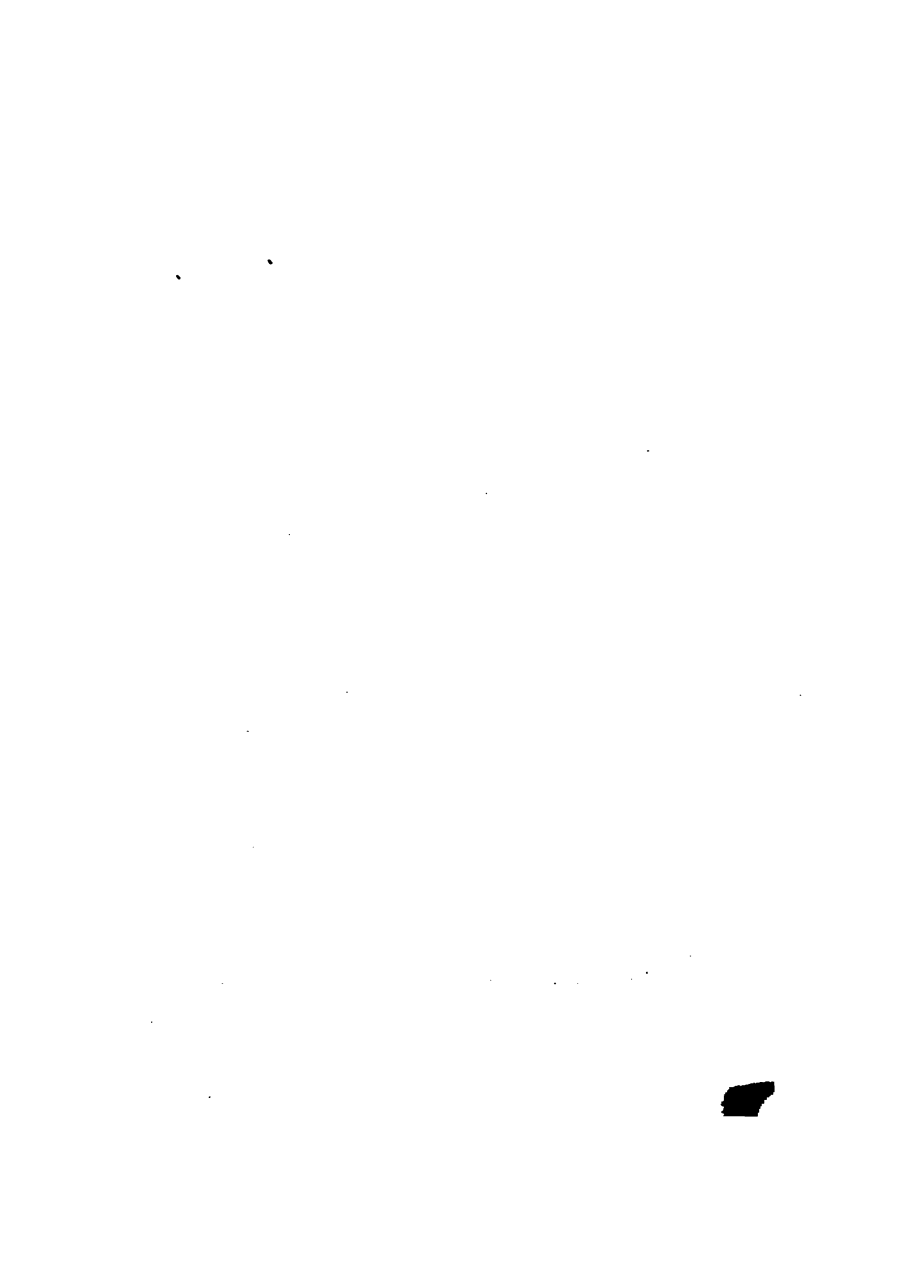
London:
HODDER AND STOUGHTON,
27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

—
MDCCLXXXV.

11. 8. 9. f. 419



"She displayed the little Red Velvet Bible." [Page 13.





L. n. n.

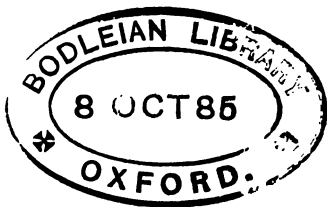
THE STORY
OF A
RED VELVET BIBLE.

By M. H.,
AUTHOR OF "ROSA LINDESAY," ETC., ETC.

London:
HODDER AND STOUGHTON,
27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

—
MDCCLXXXV.

1287. f. 415



The
Story of a Red Velvet Bible.

CHAPTER I.

“ Precious Bible! what a treasure
Does the word of God afford!
All we want for life, or pleasure,
Food and medicine, shield or sword.
Let the world account us poor,
Having this we want no more.”

“ The Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee
wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ
Jesus.”—2 TIM. iii. 15.

‘ Do you keep Bibles for sale here?’ asked
a gentleman, as he entered an unpretending
looking bookseller’s shop, in a quiet country
town in the county of Kent.

‘ Bibles, sir! certainly,’ replied the book-

seller. 'What sort do you wish; cheap, or expensive? We have them of all kinds, from 2s. 6d. upwards'

The gentleman requested to be shewn some in good print, and nicely bound, as he wished a handsome one to send as a present to a little girl.

'For a present, sir? Then this is the kind for you;' and, so saying, the bookseller laid a number of beautifully bound Bibles on the counter. His customer examined them carefully, praised the print and the binding, and at last fixed on a very pretty one, bound in dark green velvet, with a nice gilt clasp and corners. He then asked for pen and ink, to write the name in it, but before doing so he hesitated a moment, and took up another Bible, the same as the one he had fixed on, except that its velvet was red, instead of dark green.

'Perhaps Amy might like this one better

(he said, half to himself); my own taste would be the dark colour, but young people like showy things.'

'Yes, sir, by all means; the young ladies that come into my shop always choose the Bibles in the bright bindings,—they take their fancies, sir.'

The gentleman smiled, and, opening the red velvet one, began to write, saying, as he did so, 'If an attractive outside lead the young to study and love the contents, I wish all your Bibles were bound in scarlet and gold, Mr Smith, for its words alone, by the blessing of the Holy Spirit, are able to make young and old "wise unto salvation."'

'True, sir, quite true,' was the answer to the remark; but the bookseller changed his position as he spoke, and looked down somewhat uneasily; then, as his customer resumed his writing, he hastily scanned his face, as if to determine what sort of person

he was,—perhaps, to make a guess as to what might be his profession. The whole appearance of the gentleman was striking, and his face, once seen, was not soon forgotten; not that it was particularly handsome, but the calm penetrating glance of the deep set grey eyes, and the firm, yet pleasing expression of the mouth, left an impression on the mind not easily effaced. He looked somewhat past the prime of life, but his dark complexion, which appeared as if embrowned under eastern skies, might have made him seem older than he really was.

Having finished writing the name he asked for a sheet of note paper, and began to write. During the time he was doing so Mr Smith had made up his mind as to what and who he was; and for a wonder his conclusion was the right one.

Any one who resides in or near a coun-

try town, knows well the large amount of interest which the inhabitants take in the concerns of each other, and also of the neighbouring families, who make their purchases, and, perhaps, attend some of the churches in the town. Nor are we entitled to blame them for so doing. True, there may be many who like to gossip about their neighbours when they might be doing better things; but, very often, the so-called tittle-tattle of a little town really arises from the unity of interest which binds together the little community, and makes any event occurring to one family a matter of interest, nay, perhaps, of gossip, to the others. So with the neighbouring gentry, whom they regard as belonging to themselves,—a death, a birth, a marriage, or even the report of a marriage amongst them, is sure to be at once discussed in the country town.

Now, as Mr Smith looked at the gentleman, who sat writing in his shop, and endeavoured to make out to what profession he belonged, something in his appearance made him think he was military, and must have served abroad, when, all at once, he remembered having heard the lady's-maid at Batling Hall tell Mrs Smith (who was her cousin), that an Indian Colonel had been residing for a week at the Hall ; that he was a very nice gentleman ; and although he was not a minister, Mr Coventry got him to read prayers morning and night, adding, ' or to read the Bible, rather, I should say, for he does not read the prayer, only says what comes into his mind ; but for all that, we like his prayers as well as those out of the book.'

Now, what with his appearance and his remark about the Bible, Mr Smith felt sure that his customer was none other than the

Indian Colonel. Just as he had come to this conclusion, his attention was turned to a new customer who entered, and also demanded to be shewn Bibles. She was a plainly clad servant girl, whose sad look, and black dress, seemed to tell a tale of grief.

‘The cheapest you have, sir,’ she said. ‘I have only two shillings. Do you think you have one at that price?’

‘Not at two shillings; but here is a very plain one at half-a-crown; won’t this suit you?’

‘Yes, it would, nicely; but I have just the two shillings, and I can’t wait till I get more, for my brother, I wanted to give it to, starts to-night for London.’

Mr Smith was not a hard-hearted man, but he was noted for never giving a book, or, indeed, any article, a penny under its real price. What was it, then, that made

him at once say, ' Never mind, I'll give i you for the two shillings?' Not, certainly, to gain the Colonel's approbation (had he cared to do so), for that gentleman was occupied with his writing at the other end of the shop, and had never heard a word of the conversation. No; and yet the Colonel was the cause of the change.

' The Bible is able to make young and old wise unto salvation,' were the words which were ringing in Mr Smith's ears; and, acting on such a belief, he gave the Bible below its real value. Sixpence was no great loss, we may think; but the giving of that sixpence for the Lord's sake, was the turning-point in the life of a man who, up to that moment, had given only for sake of form. The grateful look on the young girl's face expressed her gratitude far more than her words could do.

The Colonel rose and asked Mr Smith

to put up his Bible, then stooped down and addressed it, inquiring, as he finished, when the London post set off. On being answered, 'Within half-an-hour,' he paid the money for the velvet covered Bible, and saying 'Good morning' to the bookseller, he took up his parcel and left the shop, holding back the door, as he did so, to allow the young servant, with her Bible in her hand, to pass. And so they both went out—the high-born officer, and the lowly servant girl—each bearing God's holy word, which points out equally to high and low the one way to heaven, which is Christ Jesus, and offers to all alike, who are made pure from their sins through His blood, an inheritance unfading in the skies.

The Red Velvet Bible, whose course we mean to follow first, was soon sent forth on its holy mission; and with expectation and hope we may follow it. The Lord hath

said, 'My word *shall* prosper in the thing whereunto I send it;' and we may as well fear that a penetrating shower of rain will not refresh the parched ground, as that God's words, when applied to the hard heart by the Holy Spirit, will not soften it, and cause it to bring forth fruit.

CHAPTER II.

“ Shall men pretend to pleasure,
Who never knew the Lord?
Can all the worldling's treasure
True peace of mind afford?”

“ Thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods,
and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou
art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and
naked.”—Rev. iii. 17.

It was evening, and a select number of friends were assembled in the drawing-room of Sir Reginald Delany's town residence in Grosvenor Square, London. The rich silk damask, the luxurious couches, the thick velvety carpet, the large mirrors, which reflected back the brilliantly lighted chandeliers, all proclaimed the wealth of the owners. Seated on a couch, with her hands

resting lightly on the strings of a guitar, sat a young lady, who was evidently the centre of attraction in the room. She was very beautiful, with finely formed features, dark eyes, and glossy, wavy, black hair, worn in a simple, almost childlike fashion, and ornamented only by a pure white camellia, surrounded by its beautiful dark green leaves, which was placed at the one side. Yet, beautiful as she was, a close observer would have remarked an expression of unrest in the dark eyes,—that look which seems to tell of a yearning for some unattained good; but the expression was only now and then, and the thought which had called it forth (whatever it was) was soon banished, by some witty remark made by some of the circle which surrounded her, and the answerings of which called forth her powers of repartee, which she possessed in a large degree. At the back of her

couch stood Sir Reginald Delany, a somewhat stately gentleman, with a fine intelligent countenance, who bore the appearance of one who was slightly worried by the light conversation which was carried on around him, save when the speaker was the young lady with the guitar, whom he regarded with looks of affection and pride, considering himself (as, indeed, many of the party did also,) a fortunate man in possessing her as a wife.

The door opened, and a little girl of some twelve or thirteen years glided softly in, and went up to Lady Delany, and, opening a parcel she held, said, 'Look, mama; see what a beautiful present uncle Coventry has sent to me;' and she displayed, with triumph, the little Red Velvet Bible.

Some of the company looked annoyed at the interruption of the conversation caused by the child; but the lady smiled, and,

taking the book, said, 'What is it, Amy? a Bible! Why, surely your uncle might have sent you something better than that; something you would have cared about. There must be plenty Bibles in the house somewhere, if you wanted one.'

'Yes, I daresay there are; still,' said the child, 'I haven't one of my own, and this is such a beauty; I do like it. Papa, do you see my present?'

But Sir Reginald was engrossed in conversation, and made no reply to the question. Lady Delany glanced at the writing on the blank page; and as she did so an uneasy half contemptuous smile curled her rosy lips, and, handing back the Bible to the child, she bade her take it and shew it to Miss Levison, in the schoolroom; and turning to an elderly lady, who sat near her, she asked, 'Were you acquainted with Colonel Coventry, Amelia's uncle? Most

extraordinary man—quite acts the saint. Only fancy his sending that child a Bible, and writing all sorts of texts at the beginning of it. I'm sure Amy does not need to be made good, for I must say she is a sweet, biddable child.'

Amelia Delany was Sir Reginald's only child by his first marriage; and Colonel Coventry, the sender of the Red Velvet Bible, was the brother of her dead mother—that mother whom Amy remembered only as in a dream, as a gentle fair-haired lady, with blue eyes, and a sweet smile, who used to kiss and fondle her when she was placed on the couch beside her, and who used to make her kneel down, and join her small hands, and repeat a prayer, the words of which Amy had ceased to remember, save that it ended with, 'for Jesus' sake.'

The dim remembrances of that mother were fast fading from the child's memory when the

return of her uncle from India (where he had been ever since Amy's birth) took place. He had been much attached to his dead sister, and now his heart warmed to her only child, who bore a strong resemblance to her mother—the same expressive blue eyes, the same rich golden-tinted hair, the fair complexion, and the bewitching smile—all served to remind him of her whom he should see no more on earth; although he soon perceived, with mingled feelings of pleasure and fear, that, child as she was, there was a depth of feeling, and determination in Amy's character, which her mother never possessed. In themselves these things were most desirable, but they required all the more a wise hand to train and guide. Deep feeling, the strong power of loving, is also the strong power of suffering; and a strong will, unless rightly directed, becomes strong to do evil, and not good. All this Colonel Coventry

saw; and, a true Christian himself, he knew that for all the evils he dreaded there was but one remedy—one Friend, who could guide aright his dear Amy;—that remedy was the inward influences of the Holy Spirit—that Friend was Jesus. Could he but see those deep powers of affection centred on the Lord Jesus, and that strong will brought into subjection to His, all would be well; and the Colonel felt sure, that were this the case, his little Amy would prove a blessing to all around—a truly noble, Christian woman.

But, alas! though born and brought up in a Christian land, though living in a city where Christian churches, Christian ministers, and Christian people abounded, Amy was as ignorant, as untaught in the things of God, as many a heathen child,—as many a poor outcast, a city Arab, in St Giles. Nor could it be otherwise; Christianity in Amy's home was perfectly ignored. True, Sir Reginald

and Lady Delany would have been much horrified had any one told them they were not Christians. Not Christians! when they went to church at least once every Sunday. Not Christians! when every Christmas they gave money to the poor in the parish where some of Sir Reginald's fine properties were. Not Christians! when no one could breathe a word against their moral characters, or say that they did not pay every penny they owed. No, no; they would have been indignant at the accusation. But what availed an outward profession, a dead name, in the eyes of God. His love was not in their hearts—the things of eternity were never named, never thought of. A bleeding, dying Saviour, and the wonders of redeeming love, were nothing to them.

Each in their own way lived only for the world, and the things of the world. Musical parties, the crowded ball-room, the theatre

and the opera, were the places where Lady Delany sought her pleasures. Sir Reginald sought his in graver pursuits, far from sinful in themselves, but rendered so to him by his studiously excluding God from them all. The bent of his mind was literary and scientific, and in these things he found his pleasure. In the study of chemistry, mineralogy, and geology,—in all of which he might have beheld the wondrous working hand of God,—instead of seeking to do so, he put Him completely aside, failing to perceive an evidence of His being, even when ‘the special adaptation of the mind of man to examine and comprehend the wonders of nature loudly proclaimed it.’

Oh! does not every Christian heart cry aloud with sorrow, when they see men celebrated in the scientific world, with talents of research given them by God, to use for His glory, disowning His name, forgetting His

existence, even whilst they are studying those very subjects which speak the most plainly of His power and being.

In such a home it would have been little short of a miracle had Amy learned to know and love the Lord. Her mother dying when she was only four years old, she was early left—almost entirely—to the charge of a governess, who, although kind to the child, paid no attention to her eternal well-being.

When Amy was almost ten years old Sir Reginald married again, and brought home a new mama, just eight years older than herself, to his little girl. Lady Delany became very fond of the child, treating her in all respects as if she were her own, so that the world was justified in saying Amy was fortunate in her step-mother. She, on her part, was much attached to her new mama; but the full power of her loving nature was called forth when a little baby brother came

to claim her love—this was about six months before her uncle's return from India, when she was twelve years old. Of her uncle she had become very fond; and it was from his lips she had first heard of a Saviour's dying love; and now, when, after one short year's leave of absence, the little Red Velvet Bible was received by her, as her uncle's parting gift, her wish to read it was not only to please him, but also from a slight curiosity to read for herself the story of the Lord Jesus.

Of Miss Levison, Amy's new governess, we must say a few words. She had been, at the period we write, about three months in the family of Sir Reginald Delany, and was thought highly of. Indeed, Lady Delany might often be heard telling what a good thing it was she had secured such an excellent governess for Amy—a first-rate linguist, beautiful musician, and such a kind, staid

person, quite a treasure ; and all this was true ; but in one thing, and that the most important of all, Miss Levison was sadly deficient—she had no love to the Lord Jesus in her heart, and thus could not speak of Him to her pupil. She had had her own cares, and heavy ones too, in life, all the worse to bear that they had been borne in her own strength, instead of being brought to Him who would have shared them with her ; yes, and more than shared, for He would have borne the heaviest part of the load.

Such were the characters of the principal inmates in the house into which the little Red Velvet Bible was sent. What influence will its holy words exercise upon the strong-minded, deeply-learned, but God-forgetting man ; the young, beautiful, worldly, wife ; the care-worn governess ; the highly-gifted, but, as yet, unregenerate girl ; and the

eighteen months old baby-boy, in whose young heart the seeds of original sin are sown, and are sure to spring up, and bear fruit, unless eradicated by Divine grace?

Speed on thy mission, little Bible; thou art the word of the living God, and thy entrance into the mind of man giveth light, nay, understanding, unto the simple.

One word ere the chapter closes. Let it not be imagined that this picture of a godless household is meant as a specimen of what the homes of our nobility are. No! God be praised, such is not the case. Amongst our high-born nobles we can point to many, who, both in private and in public life, adorn the gospel of their Lord and Saviour; whose great endeavour is to use the rank and wealth given them by God to promote His glory, and to do good to their fellow-creatures. But in every rank of life there are many—alas! how many—households where

religion is but an empty form, and where other gods than the Lord are worshipped. Of such an one we have to write; into such an one we must follow the Red Velvet Bible.

CHAPTER III.

“ Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in *Thee* to find,—
O Lamb of God! I come.”

“ They that seek me early shall find me.”

PROV. viii. 17.

SOME months had elapsed since the night on which Amy Delany received her uncle's present, and faithfully had she fulfilled the wish he had expressed in the note which had accompanied it, that she should read a chapter in it every morning and night, using a short form of prayer for the Holy Spirit to bless the reading thereof to her soul. She had no guide as to what part she was to read save her own inclination, which

led her now to one part, now to another; but to her all were equally new, all equally fascinating.

Now, she was lost in wonder at some of the miracles performed by Jesus; then, absorbed in one of the parables, reading the lesson contained in it in her own childlike way. Then she followed David in his wanderings, in the caves and mountains, from the cruel persecutions of Saul; sharing his griefs, and exulting in his joy, when at last he was crowned king of Israel.

Thus, bit by bit, the word, or large portions thereof, were read, and many a tear was shed by the feeling-hearted child over the sufferings and death of the Lord Jesus. And the reading was not without its effect; the Holy Spirit was not asked in vain. True, the work was slow, and for some time Amy's love for the Bible was nothing more than the love that a child has for an interesting

book which it likes to read and re-read. But by degrees the light shone. In reading the holy life of Jesus, Amy could not fail to observe the meek and lowly spirit which pervaded it. Yet, whilst reading and admiring it, she never applied its lesson to herself; never sought that the same mind which was in Jesus should be also in her. The lesson was to come to her by the teaching of the Holy Spirit.

Having one day refused to obey some order given in the schoolroom, she was told that if it were not done within a certain time, she should be sent to her own room for the rest of the day. Alas! pride and passion had taken possession of poor Amy's heart; the strong will which her uncle had so soon discovered would not yield; and, sooner than obey the order and confess her fault, Amy submitted to the punishment of spending the day alone, in disgrace. For

some time she sat leaning her head on the table and sobbing, not from shame, but anger—anger at being punished; anger at Miss Levison; anger at her Papa, who had come into the schoolroom by chance and heard the story, but had gone away without saying a word in her defence.

After some time she raised her head, and saw lying before her the little Red Bible. She opened it, almost unconscious of what she was doing. It opened at the eighth chapter of Romans, and her eye lighted (can a Christian say by chance?) on the words, 'If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his.' Conscience-stricken, the child re-read the verse. What sort of spirit had she? Was it that of the meek and lowly Saviour? To whom did she belong? to Christ or to Satan? The Holy Spirit pressed home the question, and, for the first time in her life, Amy saw her lost state—

her real sinfulness, and her need of a Saviour. Momentous moment! In that small room, and within that young heart, there was a conflict going on which angels stooped to observe. And we may truly believe that when the young girl, grasping the little Bible in her hand, knelt down, and, in accents of real heartfelt prayer, begged, with tears, that she might be filled with the Spirit of Christ—be washed from her sins in His blood, and made one of His,—there was joy in heaven over that one sinner that repented.

From that hour it might be said of Amy Delany that she was a new creature. Love—strong love to Jesus—became the ruling motive of her life; and the little Red Bible was valued not only as the gift of a beloved uncle, not only as a book full of interesting stories, but as the word of the living God, as the revealed will of the Lord Jesus, as

the chart which pointed out the road to heaven. She had, indeed, good reason to bless the day that the little Red Velvet Bible was sent on its holy mission to that house.

The change on Amy's heart was shewn more by her life than her words; and this is not to be wondered at. As perfectly unaccustomed to hear the subject of religion even broached, her natural timidity prevented her introducing it herself. The person who was the first to observe the change was Miss Levison. She had no longer to complain of disobedience to orders, nor to combat as formerly with the strong will. True, this change was a gradual one; many and many a sore struggle had Amy to carry on, but it was no longer in her own strength, but in the strength of the Lord, and the power of His might.

Of Sir Reginald and Lady Delany Amy

saw little, and that, almost always in the company of strangers. And they, on their part, when they heard from Miss Levison of Amy's improvement, only congratulated themselves on having secured her services, to which they attributed any change for the better which might have taken place. They were willing to give praise to man—praise to God they would have denied. That the little Bible had aught to do in the matter never entered their heads; and had any one suggested such an idea, it would have been received with contemptuous unbelief. And yet the blessed influences of that book were to be experienced by more than one of that household.

CHAPTER IV.

“ Come, poor sinner, come away,
Jesus will not say thee nay :
’Tis Himself that deigns to say,
“ Come to me.”

“ Ask for the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls.”—JER. vi. 16.

It was a beautiful evening in the close of the month of August, the sun was almost set, tingeing, ere it sunk, the purple clouds that floated about near the horizon, with the most brilliant hues of crimson and green, and bathing them with its departing light till they seemed as if floating in a sea of liquid gold. A slight breeze had arisen, stirring gently the leaves of the stately oaks

and other trees which studded so beautifully the lawn of Delany Park. Every thing around spoke of peace and joy. The manifold voices of nature were singing to the understanding heart a hymn of praise to the great Creator. It was heard in the sound of leaves, in the murmuring of the little rivulet, in the hum of insects, and in the song of birds. But no hymn of praise proceeded from the lips, no peace filled the heart of the lady, who sat at the open window of a little room, from which an extensive view of the lawn was obtained. She sat there, her head leaning wearily on her hand, and her eyes, from which tears were fast falling, fixed apparently on the distant hills, but with that look which told that her thoughts were far away in the distant past. Yes, the scene she saw was not the lawn of Delany Park, nor the beautiful hills of Derby, but before her eyes was pictured a little cot-

tage, standing in the midst of a neat garden with roses peeping in at the latticed windows; and the sound in her ears was not the rustling of the breeze, but the gentle monotonous break of the waves on the pebbly shore, near which that pleasant cottage stood. The memories of the past were busy in her heart, calling forth tears not only of grief for departed friends, but of remorse for holy counsels forgotten, for solemn warnings despised. She felt once more her father's hand laid on her head, as he bestowed on her his last blessing, commending his only child to the care of the God of the fatherless. Oh! how vividly she went over in thought the details of his deathbed, her own passionate grief, and her mother's more deep, yet more submissive sorrow. Twenty years had passed since then, and yet how well she remembered all!

Twenty years ago Mary Levison was very

unlike the careworn lady that sat that August evening, with that aching heart, in the schoolroom of Delany Park. Then there was not a lighter-hearted or more cheerful girl in all England. An only child, Mary, from her very birth, was an object of deep love to her parents, who surrounded her with every comfort which the limited means of her father, a retired half-pay army captain, could afford. As she grew up her pleasing manners, and smiling face, won all hearts, and also blinded many to the real defects of her character, which were above all things a horror to subjection of any kind, and a dislike of being under any sort of obligation even to a friend, which she called a love of independence, but which, in reality, amounted to pride.

At the death of her father it was found that the widow and child were left without means enough to live, without doing some-

thing to earn their livelihood, unless some of Mrs Levison's friends could assist them. But Mary's proud spirit rose against the idea of being thrown as a dependent on the bounty of any one; and it was with deep sorrow that she saw the necessity of her mother's accepting the kind invitation of an aunt to come and reside with her, at least till her plans were more fully fixed. For the present it was arranged that Mary should go to Germany as governess in a school, teaching English and music, in return for which she was to receive a small salary and instruction in French and German, which, should it still be necessary, would fit her for a higher situation as governess.

Mary went to her new duties with a hopeful heart; ay, and went to them in her own strength, forgetful of her father's dying entreaty, that in all things she should seek

the strength of the Lord, and lean on the arm of her loving Saviour; and of her mother's gentle warning, not to trust too much to the love of any human being.

But there was the love of one mortal that Mary exultingly said would never fail her, and that was the love of Edward Quincey, the playmate of her childhood, and her fiancé for two years. True, he was only a lieutenant in the Indian army, and she might have to wait a year or two ere he could claim her for a wife; but then she felt sure there was a home awaiting her in India—yes, and for her mother also, if she would consent to accompany her. Alas! for the heart that has no surer rest than human love. One year after her father's death, when Mary's proud spirit was beginning to chafe under the trials of a governess in a foreign school, she received from a friend the news of the marriage of Edward Quincey to a

rich heiress! We cannot stay to detail her feelings at such a blow to all her hopes. It was ill to bear.—Ah, how ill, they only can tell, who have experienced the bitterness of having loved with the full intensity of a woman's love, and been deceived. Had Mary but listened to the kind messages sent by her mother, the earnest entreaties to carry her sorrow to the feet of Jesus, and seek His love, all would have been well, and heavenly peace might in time have filled her heart; but from such advice Mary turned away. No—she would bear her sorrows alone; she wanted no sympathy, would brook no words of comfort. Suffer she must—but it should not be seen by the world; it should never be said of her that she pined for the love of a man who had rejected her. And so she acted her part, wore a calm face, and proudly went on her way, studying all the more deeply, in order to fit herself for a

higher situation, which she was not long in obtaining.

Ere entering it she went home for a short period, forbidding, by her proud, composed manner, any allusion to the subject of Edward Quincey, and trying to conceal ever from her mother her real sufferings. But the eye of a mother is not so easily deceived; and under the assumed composure she saw too plainly the wounded spirit. Vainly did she try to lead Mary's thoughts to higher comfort than the world could give.

Not long after that visit Mrs Levison died suddenly, whilst Mary was abroad, and thus she was left alone. And yet she was not alone, 'for The Father was with her,'—with her, although she knew it not, and cared not to know it—with her 'in love,' although she scorned that love,—watching over her path, and ordering every step in her life—sparing her from day to day as

a monument of His long-suffering mercy. Time passed on, and Miss Levison, no longer young, entered the family of Sir Reginald Delany. She wore the same composed face that she had done for years, but, ah! inwardly there was no rest, no peace.

Some time previous to the August evening we speak of, Miss Levison discovered the secret of the change in her pupil. Having seen, in the lives of her own father and mother, the power of Christianity, she had suspected the cause; and ere long she had heard the truth from Amy's own lips.

Sir Reginald, Amy, and Lady Delany, had gone to spend the day at the house of a friend who lived some miles off, and Miss Levison had been left alone. With a feeling of weariness she had seated herself at the open window, drinking in the beauties of nature, to which she was sensitively alive; but the contrast of her own

restless spirit with the peace of all around, struck her so forcibly, that she burst into tears, and, burying her face in her hands, said aloud, ' Oh, if I knew where I could find peace and rest.' Looking up, her eyes rested on the little Red Velvet Bible, which Amy had left lying on the table. She opened it, turning to a place where a mark was, and, as if in answer to her question, she read the words, ' Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.' In a moment the truth dawned upon her; the rest she sought could only be found in the Lord; the peace she yearned for could only be imparted by Jesus. Remembrances of the past rushed upon her, and there she sat, clasping the precious little Bible in her hands, unmindful of all around,—unmindful

that the sun had long since set, that the shades of night had fallen, and a bright harvest moon had arisen,—unmindful that the evening breeze was fanning her cheek, with a somewhat cold breath,—unmindful of all save the past; and of shame, deep shame, at the thoughts of a Saviour's love so long despised, of a merciful God so long slighted. Would Jesus hear her now; would He pardon her sins; and speak peace to her soul? Satan whispered, No; Jesus will not receive you; long ago He would, but you turned away from Him,—now it is too late! too late! too late! She groaned, but suddenly a long-forgotten text flashed into her mind, suggested by the Holy Spirit,—‘Whosoever cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out.’ ‘I will ask Him to receive me,’ she said; and with a sudden start she rose up, threw herself on her knees, and prayed long and earnestly. Could we

find in God's holy word one single instance of a sinner, however great, seeking pardon through the blood of Jesus, being refused, and spurned away, then we might doubt as to what answer that prayer would call forth. But as, blessed be God, no such instance is recorded, we cannot, we dare not doubt, that the prayer of the weary spirit was heard, and that God's work, once begun, will not be left unfinished, but that, sooner or later, rest,—true, heavenly rest, will be granted to the weary heart. Precious little Bible! another soul has reason to bless the hour that saw thy entrance into that household. Thou art, indeed, a 'lamp unto the feet, and a light unto the path,' of benighted man!

We cannot stay to follow out, as we might wish, the wondrous changes in the heart and life produced by the indwelling influences of the Spirit. Very marvellous

it is to observe the effect of a change of heart on the outward life; truly it seems, even to the eye of a worldling, as a being born again; 'old things have passed away, and all things are become new.' But it is the beginning work only of the little Red Velvet Bible we have to do with—its influences reach onward to eternity.

CHAPTER V.

“ I love to sing of that great power
That made the earth and sea ;
But better still I love the song
Of ‘ Jesus died for me.’ ”

“ Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast
perfected praise.”—MATT. xxi. 16.

TRULY has one of England's favourite poets said, ‘ A babe in the house is a well-spring, a fountain of pleasure.’ What a wonderful influence a child exercises over every member of a house ; and how strange, how unnatural a thing it is, to hear any one say they cannot endure children. It is almost impossible to believe them, or if we bring ourselves to do so, it is almost impossible to love the person who cherishes such a

feeling. We sincerely pity any one who does not love the childish prattle, the soft kisses and winning ways of a little child; who knows nothing of the delight of feeling the soft white arms thrown around your neck, and watching the trusting little eyes turned to you for help,—yes, and of learning many a lesson of the faith and confidence which we ought to repose on our God, from the trust which the little child puts in us.

Great was the influence which little Harry Delany exercised over every one in the house. Looking at him, Lady Delany forgot the worldly pleasures which so engrossed her heart, and clung to him with the fond love of a young mother for a first-born. And well she might be proud of him, for a more beautiful or better disposed child could not be seen. To the dark eyes and hair of his mother he united the sweet smile and winning man-

ner of Amy. To see him was to love him, And with him on his knee, Sir Reginald unbent his mind from his graver pursuits, and joined in his childish frolics. No one was allowed admittance into his study, save on business, not even Lady Delany or Amy, but the little toddling feet soon found their way to the door, and the childish 'Papa, Harry come in?' was always answered by the door being gently opened to admit the little intruder, who was received with kisses instead of a reproof. Dearly as Harry loved Papa and Mama, he loved Amy more. It was for her he cried in every difficulty, to her he went first to tell his little joys and sorrows. This arose, no doubt, very much from his seeing more of her than he did of his Mama, who was so constantly engaged in her rounds of pleasure, that there were days when she saw little or nothing of the child, save for a few minutes in the fore-

noon ; although, many times, in the midst of the giddy dance, a sudden wish sprung up in her heart to be sitting quietly at home with her dear boy beside her ; but this was impossible. She was beginning to feel that the world is a hard taskmaster, and that its votaries are nothing but its slaves ; dreading the lash of its scorn or disapproval, as much as the weary oppressed slave does that of his cruel overseer.

If she refused to go to Lady B.'s party once, without any good excuse, she would be offended, and never ask her again ; and then, what would Lady C., and the Duchess of S., and the Honourable Mrs D. say ? No, no, she *must* go ; people *must* do as their neighbours ; and Harry is so well looked after ; for in the evenings Miss Levison and Amy have him up to the schoolroom, and then he goes to bed ; and he is so fond of Amy !

It was thus that Lady Delany tried to quiet an uneasy conscience—tried to deaden the deep mother's love which swelled in her bosom; but she did not succeed. And many a time, when she returned by daylight from the festive scene, she slipped softly into the nursery to kiss her sleeping boy, looking at him admiringly, as he lay in his rosy slumber, with a smile playing round his mouth, and his little round cheek resting on his soft, fat hand, then went back to bed, feeling exhausted in body and dissatisfied in mind, to rise, when the day was far spent, unrested, unrefreshed, to plunge again into the same round of *so-called* pleasure, whilst all the time she was experiencing the truth of the wise man's saying, written of the same things so long ago, 'All is vanity and vexation of spirit.'

One morning during the London season in the sultry month of June, when Harry

was almost four years old, Lady Delany did not return till four o'clock from a ball at the Marchioness of A.'s. Sir Reginald was away from home; and after vainly endeavouring to sleep for more than two hours, she rose, threw on her dressing-gown, and went into the nursery to see if Harry was up. He was just finished dressing, and, kneeling by his cot, joining his hands, and looking up, as if he really saw the Person to whom he spoke, he began the prayer Amy had taught him,—a simple, childlike prayer,—asking that Jesus would make him one of His little lambs; and concluding by seeking a blessing on Papa, Mama, Amy, and all friends. Lady Delany, who had heard all, stood amazed, and turning, half angrily, to the nurse, she said, 'Who taught the child to do that? It is ridiculous. What can such a child know about these things?'

It was Miss Amy, please your ladyship:

she taught him nearly a year ago. It's just beautiful to hear the way she speaks to him about Jesus, and reads stories to him out of that little Red Velvet Bible of hers. I would not have let her, had I known your ladyship wouldn't have liked it; but he is so fond of these stories, it would be difficult to keep him from hearing them now; and as to his prayers, he won't go to sleep till he has said them; nor does he forget to say them every morning, even although I don't remind him.'

The child had run to his mother, and had clung to her. She took him in her arms, and sat down. Sending nurse away on some message, she turned to him, saying, 'Tell Mama, Harry, what it is you like in these stories Amy reads to you. Are they nice ones?'

'Oh, yes, Mama, so nice. There is the one about Noah and the ark, and poor

Joseph in prison, and his pretty coloured coat, and Daniel in the lions' den. Wasn't it good in God, Mama, not to let the lions hurt poor Daniel? Then there is the one about Elijah being taken up to heaven in a chariot of fire. But the stories I like the best are about Jesus. You remember when He was in the little boat, and the great high waves came dashing over it, and all the time He was sleeping? that's a nice one. Amy read it to me last night in the school-room, and I am so glad He said, "Suffer the little children to come to me, and forbid them not." Amy says He loves me to speak to Him, and always sees me, and knows everything I do, and keeps me quite safe. I like to speak to Jesus; don't you, Mama? Amy says when I can read (and you know Miss Levison is teaching me my letters) I shall read the stories in her pretty Red Bible myself. I think Amy's Bible a

far prettier one than Miss Levison's; but Amy said I must not say that to her, because she got it as a present from her Papa, who is in heaven now.'

The child would have prattled on long, but, on nurse returning, Lady Delany kissed him and left the room. She went into her boudoir and threw herself on the sofa—her child's simple words sounding in her ears, 'I like to speak to Jesus; don't you, Mama?' Conscience was whispering loud, Had you answered truly you would have said, 'No, I don't; I never speak to—never think of Him—indeed, I know very little about Him.'

Was this 'loving to speak to Jesus,' she asked herself, the reason of the change Miss Levison had spoken of, nearly two years before, in Amy; and had the little Red Bible anything to do in the matter? She knew Amy kept it carefully, but she had never

fancied she cared for it, except as a present from her uncle. The more she thought over it, the more she became convinced that Amy had turned a saint, as she was accustomed to hear any one who served God instead of the world termed.

She remembered how Amy, when she asked her to accompany Sir Reginald and herself in the Sunday afternoon drive, had begged to be excused, saying, 'Not to-day, please Mama; but will you grant me a favour,—May I go to the evening service, if Miss Levison will accompany me? I should like to go always, please.' The request was granted, with laughing words, 'Go to evening service, child! What on earth makes you wish to do that? I think church once a-day more than enough for any one; but do as you like; you are a good girl, and if its any pleasure to you, go.' She saw her reason for wishing to go now;

and, loving these things herself, it was plain she had taught Harry to love them too.

Lady Delany could not bear the idea. She had been so long accustomed to think of religion with dislike,—as a thing that made every one dull and unhappy, that she could not endure the thought of Amy being religious. ‘She deserves to be happy; and I am sure she will be one of the belles of the season when she comes out, which won’t be long now—she is sixteen;—but she has strange fancies, for when I ask her if she is not tiring for her first ball, she says, “No, Mama, not at all; I don’t wish to dance; it would be no happiness to me. I like best to stay at home, particularly when I have you and Papa with me.”

‘Well, perhaps she is right. I sometimes think these constant parties are wearisome, only one can’t do without some pleasure of an evening;’ and Lady Delany

sighed—she felt ill at ease; she hardly dare own, even to herself, that she was tired and unsatisfied with her present life, and was longing for something higher.

The low soft voice, nay, rather let us say, the voice of God, the Holy Ghost, had begun to speak; and although she might succeed in drowning it for a while, it would surely make itself heard at last.

The thoughts of the morning were soon dissipated by the afternoon's drive in the crowded park, then a dinner party, from which she went to a large ball at Lady D.'s; and so the days sped on, and the season drew to a close. For the first time in her life Lady Delany was glad when it did so, and rejoiced at the prospect of the comparative quiet of the country. She felt a void in her heart,—a longing to be different from what she was, which she could not account for.

What would she have said had any one hinted that the little Red Velvet Bible had anything to do with that feeling?

Her friends remarked the paleness of her face, and the changeableness of her spirits, and strongly urged her to call in medical advice, but she would hear of no such thing, knowing well that that would not avail her much; and Sir Reginald becoming anxious about her, hastened their departure to Delany Park, never doubting that the pure air of the country would soon restore the roses to her cheek, and banish the languor she laboured under. 'Change of air and scene worked wonders,' he said. So in many cases they do; but the change Lady Delany required was *a change of heart*. The only physician that could cure her was the great Physician,—the medicine she needed was the Balm of Gilead.

CHAPTER VI.

“ The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year ;
Of wailing winds and naked woods,
And meadows brown and sere.”

“ They cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He saved them out of their distresses. He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and brake their bands in sunder.”—Ps. cvii. 13, 14.

It was a cold, cheerless day in the month of November,—one of those days that seem to affect not only the bodies, but the minds of men, weighing them down with a sense of discomfort almost amounting to misery. There was a thick mist, accompanied by a wetting rain. Even Delany Park, with its beautiful scenery, its fine lawn, its terraced walks, and its princely gardens, participated in the general gloom. The leaves were

dropping disconsolately off the trees; the birds hopped shiveringly from spray to spray, seeking shelter in vain from the drenching rain; and the few flowers that remained hung their heads dejectedly, as if knowing well that their days were numbered. In short, the words of the poet were verified,—

“The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall:
And the day was cold and dreary.”

But cold and dreary as was all out of doors, more dreary by far were the hearts of the inmates of the splendid mansion, for the beloved child of the house, the heir of all those broad acres, lay at the gates of death.

Sir Reginald, Lady Delany, and Amy, surrounded his bed; but the child recognised them not, nor had he done so for some days.

There were tears in the eyes of the strong

man, as he watched the feverish child turning restlessly from side to side, unconscious of all around, muttering in his delirium words without connection or sense. Distracted at the thoughts of losing his darling child, he knew not what to do, where to seek for comfort.

On the first symptom of danger a London physician had been sent for, who confirmed the opinion of the attending doctor, that the case was one of gastric fever. All that medical science could do for the little sufferer was done, but the fever continued to run its course; and the doctors waited with much anxiety the day on which the crisis might be expected.

Of nurses there were no want. The child had won the hearts of all the house, and any one of the servants would have willingly tended him day and night.

And what of Lady Delany? We cannot

trust ourselves to write of her feelings; nay, we doubt if it is possible fully to describe the feelings of a fond mother, as she sits by what may prove the deathbed of a first-born and only child,—as she watches the little face so dearly beloved, and knows that ere long she may see it no more on earth,—as she looks in vain for one glance of recognition—one smile of love. Sad as such a watch must always be, how much, much sadder in the case of one who, like Lady Delany, could not look forward to meeting her child once more in heaven, should God see fit to remove him from earth; who could not see by the eye of faith the loving Jesus standing near, ready to carry her little one across the dark river.

With no such hope, no such comfort, did Lady Delany sit by the sickbed of little Harry, pillowing every now and then the little burning head on her bosom, trying in

vain to keep back her hot tears. And there she sat, unmindful of the earnest entreaties of all that she would rest awhile, unmindful of her aching head and wearied body, absorbed in her child, wearying for the doctors' oft-repeated visits, watching their every look, hanging with breathless expectation on their words.

And Amy—few suspected how deeply she suffered through these anxious days. Suppressing, for the sake of others, her own passionate grief, she proved a blessing to all. To her Sir Reginald turned for comfort; with her the doctors left their orders; it was from her hand alone that Lady Delany would receive the mouthful of nourishment she forced herself to swallow; and she it was that bathed the little burning brow. And she did more than even all that. In the quiet of her own room she knelt down, and prayed for the life of the child—oh!

how earnestly;—and for all, that this sore trial might be the means of winning them to Christ; then rose comforted, assured that, happen what might, God would do what was right; and she knew well that death to little Harry would be gain, for the Saviour he loved would take him to be for ever with Himself.

How often in those days did she turn to the Red Velvet Bible, to seek a word of comfort, and never sought in vain. Marvellous book! how suited to our every need. Are we cast down because of sin? It points us to the one Fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness. Are we weighed down under affliction and trials? It tells us of Him who, in all our affliction, is afflicted. Are we weeping over the death of some beloved one? It speaks to us words of comfort, saying, 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord; they rest from their labours, and their works'

do follow them.' And in moments of joy when everything on earth looks bright, we may turn to the word of God, fully assured that its study will increase, not dull, any innocent joy. Surely it is one great proof of its Divine inspiration, that it meets every want of the human soul.

With the deepest anxiety the doctors saw the hour of the crisis draw near—the fever still raged. One thing would decide: should the child fall into a quiet slumber, the worst would be past—he might live. Every sound was hushed. Sir Reginald, unable to endure the suspense, went to pace restlessly up and down his room, ready to come at the first call. Lady Delany sat motionless beside the bed, almost afraid to breathe, and pale as death. Amy buried her face in her hands and inwardly prayed, whilst Dr Sands, watch in hand, kept his eyes constantly directed to the little sufferer. For nearly two hours

they sat thus, the silence only broken now and then by the child's delirious talk, through which the name of Jesus was often heard. But gradually the talking ceased, the breathing became less troubled—the child slept. At that sight the mother raised her eyes with a look of hope to the doctor; he gave her a kind, sympathising, hopeful look; but pressing his finger on his lips, to impose silence, took a small bit of paper, and with his pencil wrote—'Thank God, I trust the worst is past; sleep is a good sign.' Then below he wrote the words—'This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God.'

Lady Delany read the words, but without attaching more meaning to them than the joyful one that her child might live. But to Amy they afforded a double comfort: to the joy of the hopes of her little brother's life being spared, there was added the comfort of feeling that they had in Dr

Sands a Christian friend, and the hope that this sickness might indeed be to the glory of God. The danger was past. From that sleep Harry awoke conscious, although too weak to speak, but a sweet smile played round his lips as he recognised his Mama and Amy. His Papa was soon by his side, with deep joy in his heart that his child's life was spared, but, alas! without gratitude to that God in whose hands are the issues of death and life. Worn out with fatigue, Lady Delany, assured that her child was out of danger, consented to retire to rest. Ere she left the room she turned to Dr Sands, and thanked him earnestly for all his kindness, adding, 'I shall always regard you as the saver of my darling's life.'

He shook her hand kindly, saying, in an impressive tone, 'Give the glory to God, your ladyship, not to me. He has blessed the means tried, thank Him.'

And she did. The first words of real prayer she had ever breathed were those which she uttered as she laid herself down to rest after those days of weary watching. How true is the saying of the pious divine, 'Blessed Lord, thou hast taught us lessons in the shade, we would never have learned in the sunshine.'

When she woke Sir Reginald was seated by her bed, ready to cheer her with the news that the child was lying quiet; and the doctor had left a message that no one should go into the nursery till he returned, as perfect quiet was desirable, and nurse was watching. But Lady Delany could sleep no longer, and, rising, she quietly slipped into Amy's room, to see if she were still asleep, and found her up, sitting at the window reading the little Red Velvet Bible. She rose at Lady Delany's entrance, threw her arms round her neck, and exclaimed, 'Oh, Mama!

isn't God good to spare our little Harry to us?'

Long they sat together talking, at first of the thing uppermost in their hearts,—the little one of the house. At last Lady Delany took the little Red Bible in her hand, saying, 'How well you have kept it, Amy. Do you like very much to read it?'

'Yes,' was the quick reply; 'very, very much, because it is the word of God, and tells of Jesus. I don't know how I could live without it; and I am sure without its blessed words I could not bear to die.'

'Does the reading of it make you happy?'

'Yes, so happy; for it has taught me that Christ has taken away all my sins, and that nothing in life can do me real harm if He is my friend. I do love Him.' The young girl's face glowed with a heavenly joy as she spoke.

Lady Delany looked at her, half enviously.

contrasting the look of peace with her own restless unsatisfied spirit; then resting her head on the shoulder of the girl, she said, 'Read a bit to me, Amy; I, too, would seek Jesus.'

How joyfully Amy's heart beat at those words; and, opening the Bible, she read aloud the 14th chapter of St John. Can we imagine any one reading those blessed words without feeling their soul-comforting influence? and yet, alas! we know that the truths that to some are the savour of life unto life, are to others the savour of death unto death. But to Lady Delany's suffering spirit these words proved as balm. Over and over she made Amy read the verse, 'Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you.' The words came home to her heart; she had tried the peace which the world giveth, and experienced its falseness

Now she longed to get true peace from Jesus. As yet she knew not wherein that peace consisted; knew not that it is never obtained till the whole heart is yielded to Jesus, till the eye of faith is directed to the cross, and sees not only a Saviour dying for the sins of His chosen people, but also sees its own sins nailed to that cross, and blotted out by that cleansing blood, to be seen no more.

Ere long Lady Delany was to see it all clearly; but as yet, like the blind man who at first only saw men as trees walking, till Jesus fully cleared his sight, she only saw the truth dimly; but the night was past, the dawn had begun, and ere long the Sun of Righteousness would shine on her soul. Who can doubt that in her conversion the instrument God made use of was the little Red Velvet Bible.

For some weeks Harry Delany continued weak, but strength was gradually returning.

Many a time did he ask for a story out of the pretty Red Bible; and great was his pleasure when his Mama brought it, and herself read out of it to him; and many a lesson of holy wisdom did she learn from the remarks of the little child. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings does the Lord perfect His praise; and the most profitable way for all to study the word of God, is to do so in the spirit of a little child, questioning nothing, doubting nothing, but saying, 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.'

When Miss Levison returned from a long visit to her aunt she found Harry almost well, and heard with joy from Amy that the little Red Velvet Bible had been blessed by God in turning another soul from darkness to light.

CHAPTER VII.

" Behold, she works for Jesus now,
Whose days went idly past.
Oh! for more mouldings of the Hand
That works a change so vast."

" What must I do to be saved? Believe on the Lord Jesus."—Acts xvi. 30, 31.

THE Christmas after little Harry's illness was a very pleasant one at Delany Park. A few near relations only had increased the circle; and, although in former days Lady Delany would have considered such a family gathering a very dull affair, it was now quite otherwise; old things had, indeed, passed away, and all things had become new. The peace and joy in believing filled her heart, and increased her joy in every

pleasure which she felt her God and Saviour would sanction. The love betwixt Amy and herself was daily increasing, and many a pleasant hour they spent in discussing the sweet theme of redeeming love. Nor did Lady Delany allow her Christianity to remain a dead name. Her heart once filled with the love of Jesus, she found no rest till she sought to do all in her power to lead others to love Him also. It is one of the grand effects of Christianity, that it opens the heart of the believer, removing from it all selfishness, and making it eager to let others share the bliss it has itself experienced. Constrained by the love of Jesus, Lady Delany, Amy, and Miss Levi-son, sought in the neighbouring village to do what good they could, both to the bodies and the souls of their poorer neighbours; and in the doing so they experienced a joy which all the so-called pleasures of the

world could not afford. Often did Lady Delany contrast the pleasure of the life which she was now leading with that of the giddy world she had formerly mixed in ; and many a time did she say to Amy, ' I feel as if I had never truly lived till I began to live to Jesus. My former life was only a bewildering, unsatisfying dream.'

But to return to the little Red Velvet Bible. One winter morning Amy walked down to the village, taking the little Red Velvet Bible in her hand, as she was going to read out of it to a poor sick woman. It was a beautiful morning, the sun shone brightly, painting with its bright sunbeams the snow-sprinkled trees and fields with a thousand colours, making them glisten and sparkle till the whole looked like a fairy scene. The beauty of the landscape, and the exhilarating feeling of the air, filled the heart of the young girl with deep pleasure.

She felt as if the very act of existence were delight; she could look around on the surrounding beauty of nature, and recognise in them all the handiwork of her heavenly Father, whom she knew as her best friend, as her reconciled Father in Christ Jesus.

As she entered the village kind greetings welcomed her on all sides; young and old were cheered by the sight of the bright young face. When she came to the cottage of the sick woman she found she was not alone, as was generally the case, but a poor old woman, with a basket on her arm, sat by the fire; she looked old, and weary, as if she had walked far, and needed rest.

After Amy had kindly spoken to the invalid she turned to the old woman, and asked if she belonged to the village.

At the sound of her voice the woman started, but answered in a weary, though somewhat sulky tone, that she belonged to

nowhere; she was just a poor wayfarer, living sometimes at one place, sometimes at another,—she had no home, no relations, nobody she cared for, and nobody that cared for her,—she had come in to rest, and that poor body in the bed had given her a bit of bread, and let her warm herself; she was going to stop in the village a few weeks if she could get a bed cheap enough; she made her living by selling odds and ends—matches, needles, pins, laces, and such like.

Amy's kind heart was deeply touched by this story. Of real want and misery she had as yet seen little; and the thought of any human beings so desolate as to say they had no home, no one to care for, and nobody that cared for them, overwhelmed her. She laid her hand kindly on the old woman's shoulder, saying, as she did so, in the most feeling way, ' Oh, do not say that nobody cares for you, God does care for you. Jesus

died to save you, and He will love and care for you, if you will only ask Him, and let Him.' Amy's eyes filled with tears as she spoke.

The woman looked at her with amazement, but said, 'No, no, my young leddy, God may care for the likes of you, but not for me. Nobody ever cared for me all my life, so what would make Him, who people say made this big world, care for an old sinner like me, that knows nothing about Him? No, no; He may care for the good, but it's not likely He would take thought for the like of me.'

'But,' urged Amy, 'Jesus came into the world to call not the good (for no one is good), but sinners to repentance. Do you know about Jesus?'

'I've heard of Him,' was the answer, 'but can't say I know much of Him.'

'He was the Son of God,' said Amy, 'who

left the glories of heaven, and came into this world, and became like one of us, and died upon the cross that He might save us from being lost for ever, as we deserved to be because of our sins; but now, through the shedding of His blood, all who come to Him, seeking forgiveness of their sins, shall be saved. Neither you nor I could save ourselves, but Christ can and will, if we let Him.'

'Save us from what?' said the woman.

'From sin now, and from hell hereafter; and after death, take us to dwell with Himself for ever in heaven.'

'How do you know that He will?' and the woman looked earnestly at Amy as she spoke.

'Because He tells me so, in His own word; and He is God, and cannot lie. In this little book,' said Amy, opening the Red Velvet Bible, 'He tells us, "Whosoever

cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out." Listen to what it says about God being ready to forgive those who repent of their sins;' and turning to the 15th chapter of St Luke, she read aloud, slowly and distinctly, the parable of the prodigal son. The old woman listened attentively, and at the conclusion sighed heavily.

'What does it mean,' she said, 'and what has it to do with me? I never got money from my father, and wasted it; and supposing I had, he is dead, and so I could not ask him to forgive me.'

'It does not mean your earthly father, but your Father in heaven—God. Can you say you have never offended Him, never sinned against Him?'

'Well,' interrupted the woman, 'it's true enough, I can't say that; least, I never thinking on Him offends Him, I never do. Nobody ever spoke to me about these things.

and it's no use thinking about them now. If I've never thought of Him all my days, it's not like He'll care for me thinking of Him now. No, my lady, speak to that poor creature on the bed, and leave an old body like me alone.'

But Amy would not give up, she knew well that poor sick Jenny knew and loved Jesus herself, and would be glad to hear her speak to the ignorant old woman. By degrees she made her see her resemblance to the prodigal son, and confess she would like to turn from her sins. It was a great point gained; for now Amy felt she could point her to the Saviour, to Him whose name is Jesus, because He saves His people from their sins.

The heart of the old woman was touched. Amy inwardly prayed that it might be so by the Holy Ghost. And when she knelt down by the bedside to pray with the inva-

lid, the old woman knelt too, and, at least outwardly, joined in the act of devotion. Ere she went away, Amy, hearing from Jenny that the old woman could get a bed next door for a small sum of money, resolved to go in and find out if they would receive her; and finding they would, she paid the amount required for a month, and returned to tell the old woman she had done so; desiring her, in her rounds, to call in at the Park, where she knew Lady Delany would make her get a plate of soup. The gratitude of old Susan, for such was her name, was excessive; kind words, and kind deeds, were new to the poor wayfarer; and the idea that any one could take trouble or care about her, was so new to her she could hardly believe it. Often after that day did Amy find her way to the cottage of the invalid, where she was sure to find old Susan, who learned to long for her coming as much as

sick Jenny. Gradually she became eager to listen to the Bible readings, uttering many an exclamation of wonder and joy as the glad tidings of redemption opened upon her mind. She had never been taught to read, so could not read the Bible for herself; but many a verse did she treasure up in her mind, and repeat over and over again, remarking on them in her own way.

‘ Now, Miss,’ she said one day, ‘ I think the finest words I’ve heard in the Bible are, “ He that cometh to me, I will in nowise cast out.” As you say, God can’t lie, and so I’ve taken Him at His word, and have gone to Him; and He hasn’t cast even me out, and I feel He never will,—nor could He, Miss, when He’s said He wouldn’t. Just think of His saving me. It is very, very wonderful. And to think of His telling us every thing we should do, and every thing

we should not. Oh! it's a fine thing to be able to read, when one can read a book like that.' And she took up the little Red Velvet Bible in her hand. 'It's a pretty book outside; but, oh! it's prettier inside. And what beautiful things it tells about heaven, too. Jenny and me was just speaking about that. Would you read, please Miss, about the city with the golden streets.'

With much pleasure Amy read in the 21st chapter of Revelation, of that city whose gates are of pearls, and whose streets are of gold; of that city which needeth not the sun, nor the moon to shine in it, for the glory of the Lord doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof; whose gates are not shut at all by day, 'for there is no night there.'

As she read all seemed to realise as before their eyes the glories of the heavenly city. And now and then she was stopped by ex-

clamations of delight. As she read the last verse of the chapter, 'There shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth,' the old woman laid her hand on her shoulder, saying, 'Would you read that again?'

She did so slowly, that the meaning might be fully understood; and on looking up to see if it was so, she was startled at the look of pain that was depicted on the face of old Susan. 'What is the matter,' she enquired; 'surely you are ill.'

'No, not ill; but, Miss, is every word in the Bible true?'

'Yes, surely, every word,' said Amy; 'for the men who wrote it were told what to say by the Holy Ghost; so every word must be true.'

'Then how can the like of me enter into that city, if nothing that defileth is to enter there?'

'Ah! but you forget,' said Amy, 'that

before any one of us can enter there we must be made pure by the blood of Jesus; so pure that our sins are all washed away, and He has clothed us in His own spotless holiness.'

The explanation satisfied the old woman. 'Ay, that is it,' she said; 'I forgot that Jesus takes away all our sins before we get there.'

'Miss Delany,' said the invalid, 'Dr Sands was reading that chapter to me yesterday, and I'll tell you what he said about that verse; maybe Susan 'ill like to hear it. When he came to the words, "There shall in nowise enter into it any thing that defileth," he stopped, and, in his own kind way, said, "Jenny, we need not be frightened at these words, they shut out, not you and me from the city, but *only our sins*; and you know what Christ has done with them—taken them all and cast them into the

depths of the sea, so they shall be seen no more.”’

Both Amy and Susan liked the way the Doctor had put the subject, and all three joined in earnest prayer that their sins might be covered, and their names written in the Lamb's book of life.

Ere Amy left Delany Park for London, she had the pleasure of seeing old Susan settled in a neat cottage, where she kept a small shop, and had good reason to believe that, by the blessing of the Holy Ghost, the readings from the little Red Velvet Bible had been blessed to the poor way-faring woman; that even at the eleventh hour she had found rest in the Saviour, and had entered His vineyard, and would receive for her reward even as they who had 'borne the burden and heat of the day.' She was, indeed, a vessel of mercy which God had afore prepared to glory.

CHAPTER VIII.

“The Bible,—he alone who hath the Bible, needs
no stay:
But he who hath and will not give
That lamp of life to all that live,
Himself shall lose the way.”

“The preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us which are saved it is the power of God.”—1 Cor. i. 18.

SOME years after the events spoken of in the last chapter, a family group were assembled in the drawing-room of Sir Reginald Delany's London residence. We at once recognise Lady Delany, more matronly like, as handsome, and with a far more peaceful expression of countenance, than when we first saw her in that room on the evening when the little Red Velvet

Bible arrived on its holy mission. On her knee sat a fair-haired little boy of some three years old, who was amusing himself with a bright coloured picture-book, looking up now and then with a shy coy expression at a gentleman with a long black moustache, who sat on the sofa, with Amy on the one side of him, and Harry, grown a fine manly boy of eleven years old, on the other. The gentleman was none other than Colonel Coventry, Amy's uncle, who had returned from India, and found himself a welcome visitor at Grosvenor Square.

Of the change that had taken place there he had heard by Amy's letters; but it was with feelings of true joy that he was a witness to the change that the grace of God had wrought in the lives of many of the members of that household, and in finding his beloved Amy changed from the unregenerate, thoughtless girl, into the noble.

useful, Christian woman, fulfilling in all respects her home duties as a daughter and sister, and yet occupying herself, along with many Christian friends, in seeking to do good to the poor perishing immortal souls around her, adorning by her walk and conversation the gospel of the Lord Jesus.

And now they sat there conversing about the good that the little Red Velvet Bible had been the means of doing. Amy had it in her hand, having brought it, old and faded as its binding was, to show her uncle that she still kept it.

The Colonel took it from her, saying, 'Ah, Amy, this little Bible is speaking a loud message to all of us to-day. It is telling us to sow beside all waters; to rest not as far as is in our power, till all around us know the precious word of God. We have felt its power in changing our own souls from darkness to light: let us seek earnestly

that others should feel it too. "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." Let us pray fervently that ere long the bright light of the gospel may disperse the darkness, and the "knowledge of the Lord cover the earth as the waters cover the deep;" and the blessed time arrive, when "the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ." Don't you think, Amy, that the little Red Velvet Bible is a powerful advocate on behalf of the Bible Society; showing us, that if one Bible has been so useful, what an immense amount of good the circulation of numbers may effect; and surely, as God in His mercy has given us a chart to show the way to heaven, He intends that every human being who has an immortal soul to be saved should possess that chart; and in aiding to circulate it, we may feel we are fulfilling the will of God

the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.'

One word ere the story of the Red Velvet Bible closes, concerning Sir Reginald.

What influence, it may be asked, did the little Bible exercise on him? Alas! we must reply, that, as far as exercising any saving influence on his soul, it remained to him 'as a book that was sealed;' but although he acknowledged it not, his outward life was greatly influenced by the change the little Bible had effected in his household.

The gay life which Lady Delany had formerly led had never been liked by Sir Reginald, who only joined in it to please her. When she relinquished it, and sought her pleasure in higher things, and the quiet of her own home, he rejoiced in the change, whilst he disliked the cause. He was pleased that both she and Amy should fol-

low their own inclinations, so long as they were happy. They were free to do as they liked, only they must allow him to do as he liked; and reading the Bible did not suit him. They were welcome to have family worship, but they must not expect him to attend it.

Once Lady Delany, knowing his love for her, pressed the subject of religion earnestly on him; but his determined reply, and stern command, that the subject should never again be named in his presence, convinced her of the inexpediency of, at that time, saying more; but she resolved, since he forbade her to speak to him of God, to speak all the more about him to God, in whose 'hands are the hearts of all men.' Offer of salvation had been made to him, and he refused it,—the word of God was open for his perusal, but he would not study it; and the Red Velvet Bible, which proved to others

the savour of life, was unto him the savour of death;—nay, it increased his condemnation. He might have been saved, but he would not. The light had come into the world, yea, into his house, and was shining brightly around him, but he shut his eyes to prevent his seeing it, and preferred the darkness rather than the light; still studying, and endeavouring to explain to others the wonders of creation, but refusing to give the glory to the great Creator of them all.

We have followed, in some degree, the mission of the Red Velvet Bible, and seen some of its blessed effects; but its full influences we cannot see, nor trace the many blessings produced by it. We have only seen its effects on the hearts of a few,—we cannot trace, nay, no one save God can trace, its influence on others through the channel of those few. The judgment-day alone will disclose the fact. But we cannot

doubt that God will use Lady Delany, Amy, Harry, Miss Levison, Nurse, and old Susan, in their different spheres, to promote His glory, and lead others to the knowledge of the Saviour, whom they themselves have found, and that those others will, in their turn, lead others; and thus the work of the little Bible will keep going on till the coming of Christ.

Reader, the consideration of the good that one Bible may thus effect is surely a solemn thought, and should arouse every Christian more fully to realise the importance of circulating the word of God. and of doing so in faith, being assured that as it is the word of the living God, 'it shall not return unto Him void, but shall accomplish that whereunto it was sent.'

Should the Story of the Little Red Velvet Bible have the effect of arousing any to the conviction that the noblest work in which a

Christian man or woman can be employed, is that of circulating the Bible amongst all classes of the community, both at home and abroad, it will not have been written in vain; and the glory be to God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



Sunday Library for Young People.

Each Volume Illustrated and Handsomely Bound.

PRICE ONE SHILLING EACH.

I.
THE STORY OF A RED VELVET BIBLE.

By M. H.

II.
MARY MANSFIELD;
Or, the Time to be a Christian.

By the SAME AUTHOR.

III.
ARTHUR FORTESCUE;

Or, the Schoolboy Hero.

By ROBERT HOPE MONCRIEFF.

IV.
THE SANGREAL; Or, the Hidden Treasure.

By M. H.

V.
WITLESS WILLIE, THE IDIOT BOY.

By the Author of "Mary Matheson," etc.

VI.
HENRY MORGAN; Or, the Sower and the Seed.

By M. H.

PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE EACH.

I.
AUNT MARGARY'S MAXIMS:

Work, Watch, Wait.

By SOPHIA TANDY.

II.
MARY BRUNTON AND HER ONE TALENT.

By E. A. D. R.

III.
TALES FROM THE HOLLY-TREE FARM.

By Mrs. CHARLES BRENT.

LONDON: HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

Sunday Library for Young People.

Each Volume Illustrated and Handsomely Bound.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE EACH.

I.

**NEWLYN HOUSE, THE HOME OF THE
DAVENPORTS.**

By A. E. W.

II.

LABOURERS IN THE VINEYARD.

By M. H.

III.

LITTLE HARRY'S TROUBLES.

By the Author of "Gottfried."

IV.

THE HARLEYS OF CHELSEA PLACE.

By SOPHIA TANDY.

V.

ORPHAN LOTTIE;

Or, Honesty Brings its Own Reward.

By KATHLEEN.

VI.

THE CHILDREN OF THE GREAT KING.

By M. H.

PRICE THREE SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE EACH.

I.

LILY HOPE AND HER FRIENDS.

By HETTY BOWMAN.

II.

AUNT MARGARET'S VISIT;

Or, the False and the Real.

By JANE M. KIPPEN.

LONDON: HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

27, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

HODDER AND STOUGHTON'S
LIST OF
Gift Books for the Young.

BY DR. MACAULAY, Editor of "The Leisure Hour."

I.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. With Thirteen Illustrations.

TRUE TALES OF TRAVEL AND
ADVENTURE, VALOUR AND VIRTUE.

"Dr. Macaulay's name is a voucher for spirited work, and 'True Tales' are instructive as well as interesting."—*Times*.

"Full of stirring incident."—*Daily News*.

"The book, we need hardly say, is full of very interesting reading."—*Spectator*.

"With no little vigour and power of condensation he tells of such achievements, and such perils, and suffering as fell to the lot of the early Australian explorers, of the Garibaldians, and of the Arctic navigators; relieved by tales of such victories as those of Trafalgar and the Nile. Suitable biographies are skilfully introduced."—*British Quarterly Review*.

II.

GREY HAWK: Life and Adventures
among the Red Indians. An Old Story Retold.
Eleven Illustrations. Handsomely bound, gilt edges, 5s.

"The editor of the *Leisure Hour* having come across a romantic story of real life, has worked it up into a genuinely interesting Indian story. The illustrations and handsome style in which the book is got up make it very suitable for presentation."—*Sheffield Independent*.

"We cannot better testify to its absorbing interest than by saying that we have read every word of it. It is a unique picture of Indian life and customs—of a state of things which already has well-nigh passed away. It is as instructive as it is romantic. As a book for boys, and not for them only, it can scarcely be surpassed."—*British Quarterly Review*.

BY DR. MACAULAY, Editor of "The Leisure Hour."

III.

ALL TRUE. Records of Peril and Adventure by Sea and Land—Remarkable Escapes and Deliverances—Missionary Enterprises and Travels—Wonders of Nature and Providence—Incidents of Christian History and Biography. With Twelve Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 5s.

"'All True' contains records of adventures by sea and land, remarkable escapes and deliverances, missionary enterprises, etc.; is as entertaining as the majority of such books are depressing, and may be welcomed as a welcome present for children. The illustrations are above the average of those vouchsafed to us in children's books."—*Spectator*.

IV.

ACROSS THE FERRY: First Impressions of America and its People. With Nine Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, price 5s.

"Dr. Macaulay not only records his own impressions, but he incorporates with them much of the useful and interesting information which an intelligent traveller not only picks up, but takes special pains to furnish himself with. The volume is a series of Photographs of America as it was in 1870, and is full, therefore, of practical interest."—*British Quarterly Review*.

THE BOY IN THE BUSH. A Tale of Australian Life. By RICHARD ROWE. Crown 8vo, with Illustrations, 3s. 6d.

THE POSTMAN'S BAG. By JOHN DE LIEFDE. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

Send us to Mr. de Liefde for a pleasant story, whether in the form of a tale or a story-book, full of humour, racy anecdote, youthful freshness, and warm-heartedness. In this pretty volume we do not get any of his more elaborate works, but a book 'for boys and girls,' and is made up of short stories, the very things to win children's hearts."—*The Patriot*.

BY MRS. ROBERT O'REILLY.

"Mrs. O'Reilly possesses the art which Miss Mitford exhibited so remarkably in 'Our Village.' To make a short tale attractive has baffled the art of some of the greatest of our novelists. It is a special gift, and she may be congratulated on its possession."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

I.

THE RED HOUSE IN THE SUBURBS.

With Twenty-six Illustrations by F. A. FRASER. Cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

II.

REED FARM. With Thirteen Illustrations by

TOWNLEY GREEN. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt extra, 3s. 6d.

"One of Mrs. O'Reilly's best and happiest efforts."—*Christian Age*.

III.

MEG'S MISTAKE, and other Sussex

Stories. With Twenty Illustrations by FRED. BARNARD. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

"The humour and pathos of these stories are beyond all praise."—*Standard*.

"We have never seen better stories of their kind."—*Academy*.

THE CHILDREN OF CHINA: Written for the Children of England. By the Author of "The Children of India." With Numerous Illustrations. Handsomely bound, fcap. 4to, gilt edges, 5s.

"Miss Marston's beautiful book comes to us in all the glory that gold-turquoise, and black can give to its binding. The fortunate children who get this book as a present will be pleased with its outward appearance, they will be delighted with its interior. The paper is good, the printing is good, the illustrations are good, and what is of greater importance the writing is good. The author knows well how to talk interestingly to children, and her style is so clear and simple that she contrives to convey an immense amount of information in her 320 pages."—*Illustrated Missionary News*.

"Will be joyfully welcomed. Well written, very elegantly bound, and profusely illustrated, with a good map at the beginning. We have seldom seen a book for children which we liked better, or could more heartily recommend as a prize or present."—*Record*.

BY THE LATE W. H. G. KINGSTON.

"Mr. Kingston's inimitable stories."—*British Quarterly Review*.

I.

FROM POWDER MONKEY TO ADMIRAL. A Story of Naval Adventure. Eight Illustrations. Handsomely bound, 5s. Gilt edges.

"Kingston's tales require no commendation. They are full of go. All lads enjoy them, and many men. This is one of his best stories—a youthful critic assures us his very best."—*Sheffield Independent*.

II.

JAMES BRAITHWAITE, THE SUPERCARGO. The Story of his Adventures Ashore and Afloat. With Eight Illustrations, Portrait, and Short Account of the Author. Crown 8vo, gilt edges, handsomely bound, 5s.

"The supercargo's exploits at sea during the early part of this century appear as fresh and vigorous as though they were described yesterday. It is a healthy, hearty, enjoyable story."—*Daily Chronicle*.

III.

JOVINIAN. A Tale of Early Papal Rome. With Eight Illustrations. Cheap Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 2s. 6d.

"It is a powerful and thrilling story."—*Methodist Recorder*.

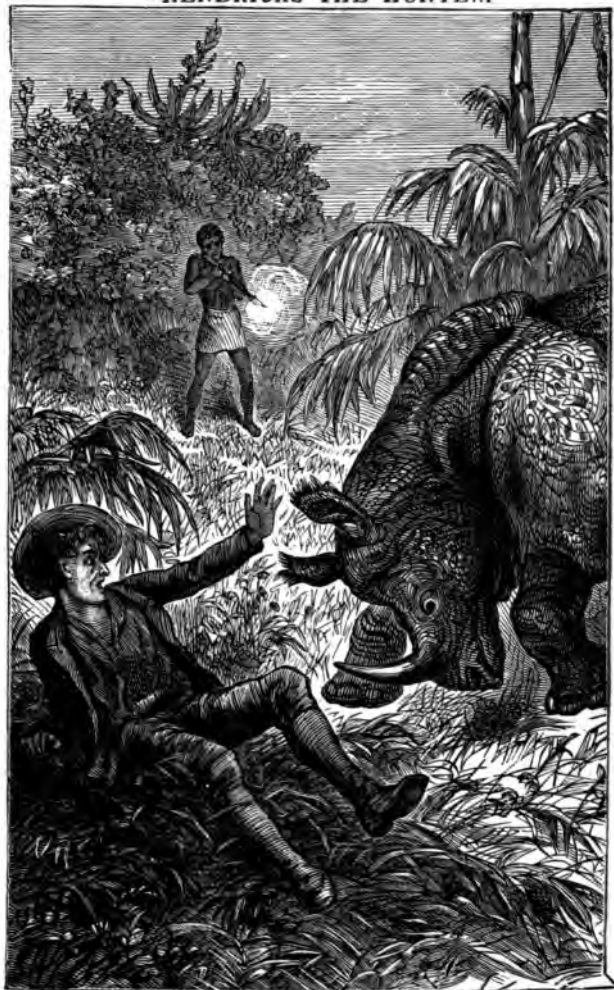
IV.

HENDRICKS THE HUNTER; or, The Border Farm. A Tale of Zululand. With Five Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Handsomely bound in cloth, gilt edges, price 5s.

"A delightful book of travel and adventure in Zululand."—*Athenaeum*.

"A boy may be happy all day with Mr. Kingston's 'Hendricks the Hunter.'"—*Saturday Review*.

"HENDRICKS THE HUNTER."



BY THE LATE W. H. G. KINGSTON (*Continued*).

v.

CLARA MAYNARD; or, **The True and the False.** A Tale for the Times. Ninth Thousand. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

"An admirable story, in which the mischievous results of Ritualistic teaching are effectively shown."—*Rock*.

vi.

PETER TRAWL; or, **The Adventures of a Whaler.** With Eight Illustrations. Handsomely bound in cloth. Crown 8vo, gilt edges, price 5s.

"Here will be found shipwrecks and desert islands, and hair-breadth escapes of every kind, all delightful and spirit-stirring."—*Court Journal*.

"It is a manly sort of book, with a good deal of information in it, as well as the adventures which boys love."—*Athenæum*.

KATE'S MOTHER. By ELLEN HODGSON.

Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

"A brightly told simple domestic story."—*European Mail*.

"A homely tale, very charmingly told of humble family life, with its trials, and sorrows, and loves; its disappointments and compensations. It is a thoroughly natural story, and one that will help to elevate and purify the life of the household."—*Christian*.

POOR PAPA. By MARY W. PORTER. With

Four Illustrations. Crown 8vo, sewed, 1s.

"His troubles are very comic."—*British Quarterly*.

"Intensely amusing."—*City Press*.

"Admirably told."—*Liverpool Albion*.

STORY AFTER STORY of Land and Sea, Man and Beast. By the Author of "Sunday Evenings with my Children," etc. With 130 Illustrations. Square crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"The pages contain engravings in abundance, each one serving to illustrate a pleasant little story."—*Sunday School Times*.

"For young people this volume must prove quite an attractive mine of amusement. It will make an excellent prize."—*Schoolmaster*.

"A most attractive and useful volume for young readers."—*Rock*.

BY MISS DOUDNEY.

I.
A LONG LANE WITH A TURNING.

A Story. With Sixteen Illustrations by M. E. EDWARDS.
 Handsomely bound, crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

"Miss Doudney is a charming writer of good stories without being goody, and this ought to be a favourite amongst her numerous works."—*Academy*.

"A charming story for girls."—*Record*.

"I consider it not only one of the best of her stories but one of the best stories of its kind."—*Truth*.

II.
WHAT'S IN A NAME? With Eight Illustrations. Crown 8vo, handsomely bound, 5s.

"One of Sarah Doudney's most charming idylls. The story is very sweet, full of charming surprises and soft emotions."—*Court Journal*.

"One of the most charming stories it is possible to conceive."—*Whitehall Review*.

III.
NELLY CHANNELL. With Four Illustrations. Cloth, 3s. 6d.

"A quiet and wholesome story well told."—*Daily News*.

"A clever tale, inculcating noble principles."—*Christian*.

IV.
NOTHING BUT LEAVES. With Frontispiece. New and Cheaper Edition. Eleventh Thousand. 3s. 6d.

"A pretty and well-written story."—*Athenæum*.

"One of the most charming and exquisitely-told tales that we ever had the pleasure of perusing."—*Literary World*.

THE CHILDREN'S PASTIME: Pictures and Stories. By L. G. SÉGUIN, Author of "Walks in Algiers," etc. With 200 Illustrations. Square crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

"It contains many excellent stories. They are well illustrated by many woodcuts. A treasure for those who have to amuse young folk."—*Scotsman*.

"A capital gift-book for a good boy or girl."—*Literary World*.

"A welcome gift in any nursery of young children."—*Literary Churchman*.

CHEERFUL SUNDAYS: Stories, Parables, and Poems for Children. With 150 Illustrations. By the Author of "Story after Story," etc. Square crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

"'Cheerful Sundays' is the title of another volume of religious stories and verses for children. It is well done, and is excellently illustrated.—*Scotsman*.

"A good book for Sunday reading for little ones."—*Standard*.

SEPPEL; or, The Burning of the Synagogue at Munich. By GUSTAV NIERITZ. With Frontispiece. 1s. 6d.

"The narrative is of thrilling interest."—*Edinburgh Daily Review*.

BUSY HANDS AND PATIENT HEARTS; or, the Blind Boy of Dresden and his Friends. By the same Author. Eighth Edition. Crown 8vo, illustrated, 1s. 6d.

"One of the most beautiful stories ever written for children."—

"A real and genuine Christmas story."—*Times*. [Nonconformist.

THE "PRIZE" ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF
FROM LOG CABIN TO WHITE HOUSE. The Story of President Garfield's Life. By W. M. THAYER, Author of "George Washington," "The Pioneer Boy," etc., etc. Handsomely bound, large paper, gilt edges, price 5s.

THIS EDITION, containing Twenty full-page Illustrations, and Two Steel Portraits, completes the issue of 135,000 copies of this extraordinarily popular work. Its subject, its style, and its appearance combine to render the book pre-eminently suitable for presents, prizes, and school libraries.

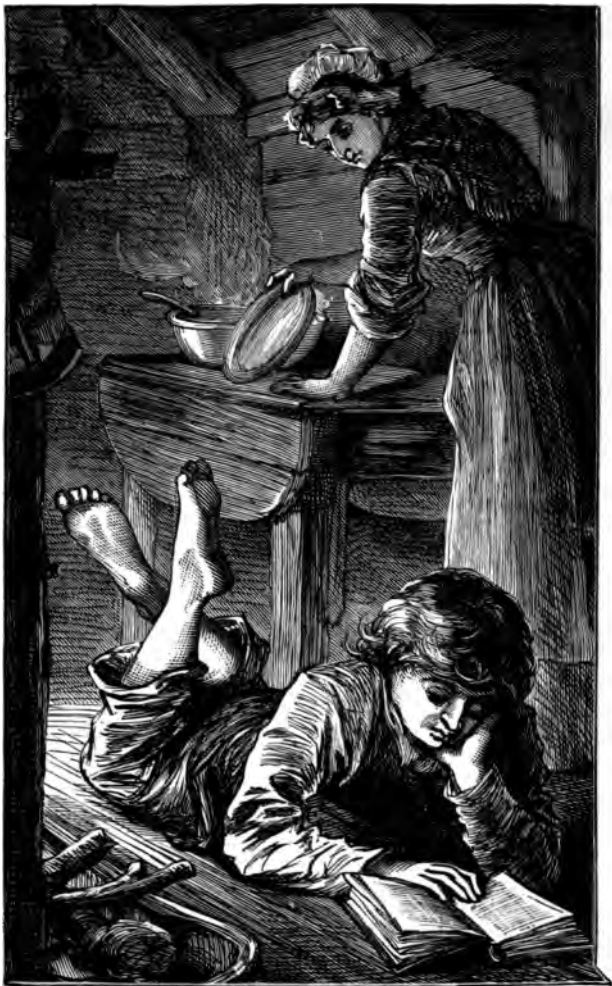
CHEAPER EDITIONS at 1s., 1s. 6d., and 3s. 6d. may also be had, containing a fine portrait of President Garfield.

"One of the most romantic stories of our time."—*British Quarterly Review*.

"The boyhood of Garfield, his struggles with poverty and other difficulties, his self-education, his strong religious sense, are all depicted in a way that brings out very strikingly the great character of the man."—*Guardian*.

"There could not possibly be a better or more useful gift-book for Christmas-tide, New Year, birthday, or indeed any 'tide,' year, or day than this thrilling story of one who from his earliest boyhood to the hour of his martyrdom, was every inch a king."—*Golden Hours*.

"FROM LOG CABIN TO WHITE HOUSE."



BY L. T. MEADE, Author of "Scamp and I," etc., etc.

I.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE NURSERY.

With Forty Illustrations by T. PYM. Fcap. 4to, handsomely bound, 5s.

"We have seldom seen a more spirited and delightful story for little children."—*Guardian*.

"A most charming children's story, exquisitely illustrated."—*Truth*.

"First of all, make way for his majesty, an imperious, courageous, delightful infant of three years, who calls himself 'Tarlie.' The lady, L. T. Meade, authoress of 'Scamp and I,' who tells us and her younger readers all about him, is assisted by T. Pym, an artist scarcely behind Miss Kate Greenaway in drawing children, with forty charming illustrations of this delightful nursery history."—*Illustrated London News*.

"T. Pym, who has illustrated this book, has drawn some capital and natural studies of child-life. The story itself is agreeably told, its author evidently understanding and appreciating the little ways of children. The nursery tale has all the naturalness of children's conversations, and will forcibly appeal to the young minds for whose amusement it has been written. The illuminated binding is exceedingly beautiful."—*Whitchall Review*.

II.

HOW IT ALL CAME ROUND. With

Six Illustrations. Handsomely bound, price 5s.

"A charming story. The characters are excellently drawn."—*Standard*.

"The story is worthy of the highest praise. Altogether, this is one of the best stories of the season."—*Fall Mall Gazette*.

III.

HERMIE'S ROSEBUDS, and other Stories. With Illustrations. Handsomely bound, price 3s. 6d.

"A collection of short pieces by this gifted authoress, illustrative of the quickening and ennobling influence exerted even on the worst of men by children. The whole series is a powerful and pathetic illustration of the text, 'A little child shall lead them.' 'The Least of These' is a capital sketch, so is 'Jack Darling's Conqueror.'"—*Freeman*.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE NURSERY.



BY L. T. MEADE, Author of "Scamp and I," etc., etc.
(Continued.)

IV.

SCARLET ANEMONES. With Frontispiece.

Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 1s.

"Two delightful tales."—*Sheffield Independent*.

"Two pretty little shilling books. The former tells of a child who was lost through a careless act of deception, and found again by the sense and prayerfulness of a young girl. 'The Two Sisters' is a story of the love and devotion of a twin for her frailer sister. Both tales are good beyond the average."—*Christian World*.

V.

ELLIE AND ESTHER; or, The Two

Sisters. With Frontispiece. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 1s.

THE ORIENT BOYS: A Tale of School

Life. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"A healthy story, of American origin, well told, and pointing some good morals that boys will do well to learn."—*Christian*.

"'The Orient Boys, a Tale of School Life,' will find favour among the boys, who will be more than interested in Carlos Chrysostome Colimo. It is out of the ordinary and somewhat monotonous style on which school tales are constructed."—*Sheffield Independent*.

CHARITY MOORE. A Story. By LINA

ORMAN-COOPER. With Illustrations by T. PYM. Crown
8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

"A tale of the brave deeds and unselfish life of a workhouse girl. It is romantic without being improbable, and altogether a very pretty story, prettily written, prettily illustrated, and prettily bound. With its covers decorated with holly and robins, it will be a welcome Christmas gift for many a little maiden."—*Christian*.

BY MISS M. A. PAULL, Author of "Tim's Troubles," etc.

I.

FRIAR HILDEBRAND'S CROSS; or,
The Monk of Tavystoke Abbaye. With Frontis-
piece. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

"The volume is beautifully written, and never were the struggles of a true and faithful heart more touchingly depicted. The tenderness of the sentiment which binds the friar to Cicely is depicted with such exquisite refinement and delicacy that many a bright eye will be dimmed with tears in the perusal."—*Court Journal*.

II.

**THE FLOWER OF THE GRASS-
MARKET.** With Five Illustrations. Cheap Edition.
Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"There is a healthy moral tone of a very high order sustained throughout the work, and an easy grace and diction, which make it highly commendable."—*Edinburgh Daily Review*.

"A handsomely got-up volume. The story is admirably written. The reader never loses interest in the fortunes of the various characters in it."—*Sheffield Independent*.

**THE STORY OF THE LIFE OF
JESUS** Told in Words Easy to Read and Under-
stand. By the Author of "The Story of the Bible," etc.
With Forty Illustrations. Handsomely bound, fcap. 4to,
cloth, 3s. 6d.

"An excellent Sunday book for children; the story is tenderly and brightly told, the pictures of Eastern life and Jewish manners form an effective running commentary on the text, which is interspersed besides with graphic views of the sacred cities, sites and scenery."—*Times*.

"A noteworthy book for the children. The forty or more engravings are fresh and true designs, fitly representing Oriental costumes and scenery. We have so often seen the regular conventional drawing, that it did us good to set our eyes upon these original sketches. The binding is attractive, and the form and type of the book are all we can desire. The language is suitable for children, and it tells the wondrous story so that it may be understood of the little ones."—*Sword and Trowel*.

BY DR. GORDON STABLES, R.N.

I.

STANLEY GRAHAME. A Tale of the Dark Continent. With Eighteen Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 5s.

"The story never flags from beginning to end, and there can be no shadow of doubt that it will be received with delight by every healthy-minded lad. The illustrations are very good."—*Scotsman*.

"A fine book for boys, full of admirably vigorous and picturesque writing, and of wholesome manly form."—*Society*.

II.

ADVENTURES ROUND THE POLE;
or, **The Cruise of the "Snowbird" Crew in the "Arrandoon."** Eight Illustrations. Handsomely bound, gilt edges, 5s.

"It is a story of thrilling interest, the essence of a dozen Arctic voyages, lighted up by a good deal of fun and frolic, and chastened by manly religious feeling. It has excited us as we have read."—*British Quarterly Review*.

"The illustrations are excellent. Healthy-minded boys will find in the volume a source of great pleasure. It is brightly written, it is full of adventure, and it is thoroughly wholesome."—*Scotsman*.

III.

THE CRUISE OF THE SNOWBIRD. A Story of Arctic Adventure. With Nine Full-page Illustrations. Handsomely bound, gilt edges, 5s.

"This is a capital story of adventure of the sort that all true boys delight in. Every page teems with wonderful stories 'of moving accidents by flood and field, of hair-breadth 'scapes'; and perhaps the greatest charm about these 'yarns' is that they are so true to nature that they read like actual experiences. A story which is full of 'go,' and will, we venture to predict, be one of the most popular 'boys' books' of the season."—*Academy*.

BY MRS. PRENTISS.

I.
THE STORY LIZZIE TOLD. By MRS. E. PRENTISS, Author of "Stepping Heavenward." Illustrated. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 1s.

"One of the most charmingly delicate tales of an invalid child's life that we have ever read."—*Nonconformist*.

II.
THE LITTLE PREACHER. With Frontispiece. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

"Of the 'Little Preacher,' the scene of which is laid in the Black Forest, a German gentleman, talking to a friend about the authoress, exclaimed enthusiastically, 'I wish I knew her! I would so like to thank her for her perfect picture. It is a miracle of genius,' he added, 'to be able thus to portray the life of a foreign people.'"—*Congregationalist*.

SLYBOOTS, and other Farmyard Chronicles. By BEATA FRANCIS, Author of "Fables and Fancies." Handsomely bound, with Numerous Illustrations, 2s. 6d.

"Delightfully simple and natural, and lighted up with gleams of fun and humour."—*Literary World*.

"We have thoroughly enjoyed and heartily laughed over these chronicles."—*Bath Journal*.

"There is a subtle moral in each of these chronicles, and the style is extremely humorous. A most enjoyable volume."—*Derby Mercury*.

CLUNY MACPHERSON. A Tale of Brotherly Love. By A. E. BARR. With Six Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 5s.

"The story is of thrilling interest."—*Literary World*.

"The book, which is splendidly got up, is throughout exceedingly readable."—*Perthshire Constitutional*.

"This singularly beautiful story."—*Daily Review*.

THORNTON HALL; or, Old Questions in Young Lives. By PHEBE J. MCKEEN. Crown 8vo, nicely bound, price 3s. 6d.

"An interesting and well-written story: The characters of the girls are well drawn, and the tone of the book excellent throughout."—*Church Sunday School Magazine*.

MRS. REANEY'S SHILLING SERIES.

Tastefully bound in cloth, price 1s. each.

Found at Last.**Little Glory's Mission.****Unspoken Addresses.****Number Four, and Other****Chippings. [Stories.****Not Alone in the World.**

"Written with all the author's well-known sweetness and persuasiveness of style."—*The Outlook*.

"Good little books in Mrs. Reaney's very best style. We hope they will sell by hundreds of thousands."—*Sword and Trowel*.

CAPITAL FOR WORKING BOYS.

Chapters on Character Building. By J. E.

M'CONAUGHY. Crown 8vo, cloth, price 3s. 6d.

"We should like every working boy to read it. It is full of wise saws and modern instances, pithy quotations, and taking anecdotes. The spirit of persevering industry and independence will be fostered by such reading, while neatness, promptness, truthfulness, economy and true religion are not forgotten. Every wise father who has sons about to leave the home fire-side should give each one of them a copy of this capital book."—*Sword and Trowel*.

THE WINTHROP FAMILY. A Story of

New England Life Fifty Years Ago. By the Author

of "May Chester," etc. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"A very dainty, winsome volume."—*Freeman*.

"Primitive New England life, hospitality, and home-heartedness are finely wrought out in it. There is a quiet, easy grace, a pleasant sparkle, and a genial attractiveness in the style which exactly suits the life, manner, and personages of the narrative. A most admirable one for home interest and delight."—*Golden Hours*.

"THERE'S A FRIEND FOR LITTLE

CHILDREN." By JULIA F. ARMSTRONG. With

Twelve Illustrations. Handsomely bound, crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

"Very well told. The illustrations in it are well done."—*Scotsman*.

"A truly delightful story."—*Ecclesiastical Gazette*.

"There is no child who will not be charmed with the story."—*British Messenger*.

"THERE'S A FRIEND FOR LITTLE CHILDREN."



Specimen of the Illustrations.

WORKS BY MRS. G. S. REANEY.

I.

JUST IN TIME; or, Howard Clarion's Rescue. Handsomely bound, crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

"It is really one of her very best books, and that is high praise indeed. She always writes with a purpose, and her stories clearly indicate both culture and a wide knowledge of the world and its needs. The secret of her success doubtless lies in the fact that her pictures of life are real, and consequently true to the experience of the reader. The present story, which is gracefully told, is likely to have many appreciative readers."—*Christian Commonwealth*.

II.

DAISY SNOWFLAKE'S SECRET. A Story of English Home Life. New and Cheaper Edition. Elegantly bound, 3s. 6d.

"Winning in style, pure and earnest in tone, and of commanding interest."—*Daily Review*.

III.

OUR DAUGHTERS: Their Lives Here and Hereafter. Eighth Thousand, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"A thoroughly wise and helpful book."—*Christian*.

IV.

OUR BROTHERS AND SONS. Fourth Thousand. Elegantly bound, 3s. 6d.

"One of her best books, written in excellent English, and with a racy, earnest pen."—*Evangelical Magazine*.

THEODORA CAMERON. A Home Story.

By PHEBE J. MCKEEN. With Five Full-page Illustrations. Seventh Thousand. Crown 8vo, cloth, price 5s.

A pretty story of the great civil war, which, though issued in a single volume, comprises not less matter than an ordinary novel, and introduces a wide variety of character, and numerous stirring scenes in the field and on the battle-field."—*Daily News*.

BY ISAAC PLEYDELL.

IN A CORNER OF THE VINEYARD.

A Village Story. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 5s.

"The hard, rough life of the men is vigorously drawn."—*Athenaeum*.

"The characters are drawn with graphic skill, and the story is one of absorbing interest."—*Derby Mercury*.

"A touching and stimulating story."—*Christian World*.

BELL'S LADIES' READER. A Class

Book of Poetry for Schools and Families. With an Introduction on the Principles of Elocution. By D. C. BELL, Joint Author of "Bell's Standard Elocutionist." Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

BELL'S STANDARD ELOCUTIONIST.

Principles and Exercises. Followed by a copious Selection of Extracts in Prose and Poetry, Classified and Adapted for Reading and Recitation. By D. C. and A. M. BELL. New and greatly Enlarged Edition. Containing over 500 of the choicest Extracts in the English Language, with the Principles of Elocution fully stated. Strongly half-bound in roan, 544 pages, 3s. 6d.

"This is the best book of the kind."—*Bookseller*.

FERN GLEN FARM. By HELEN PINKERTON

REDDEN. With Illustrations by the Author. In crown 8vo, cloth, handsomely bound, 3s. 6d.

"It is a singularly simple and sweet picture of child-life framed in the fairest imaginable setting of natural scenery and domestic affection. The story is fragrant with the breath of trees and flowers, and pervaded with a healthy enjoyment of the delights of rural life that is charming and contagious. Were anything needed to increase our interest in the persons of her youthful heroes and heroines, it is supplied in the delicate grace and airy fancy that illumine the illustrations with which she has beautified her little book."—*Presbyterian*.

BY J. R. H. HAWTHORN.

I.

LAUNCHING AWAY; or, Roger Larksway's Strange Mission. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 5s.

"An excellently written book of incident and adventure mainly in Australia. The author knows how to make such a book interesting, and he has in this one eminently succeeded."—*Scotsman*.

II.

THE PIONEER OF A FAMILY; or, Adventures of a Young Governess. Second Edition. With Frontispiece. 5s.

"Few stories have such an air of reality about them. Mr. Hawthorn has the faculty of drawing his characters in such graphic fashion, that we seem to have known them, and are forced to sympathise with their joys and sorrows."—*Aberdeen Free Press*.

"Full of terse and powerful sketches of colonial life."—*Freeman*.

OLIVER WYNDHAM. A Tale of the Great Plague. By the Author of "Naomi; or, The Last Days of Jerusalem," etc. Sixteenth Thousand. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"The chief merit of the book is the exquisite delicacy with which it illustrates Christian feeling and Christian principle in circumstances the most trying and varied."—*Weekly Review*.

DAVID EASTERBROOK. An Oxford Story. By TREGELLES POLKINGHORNE. With Frontispiece. Handsomely bound, 5s.

"An exceedingly interesting story."—*Rock*.

"A bright, vigorous, and useful work."—*Freeman*.

BY MARIE HALL *née* SIBREE.

I.

NOBLE, BUT NOT THE NOBLEST.

Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

"The picture is skilfully drawn, with tender touches and with artistic lights. We heartily commend it. To those who have read the author's previous stories of 'The Dying Saviour and the Gipsy Girl,' 'Andrew Marvel,' etc., this is scarcely necessary."—*British Quarterly Review*.

"A more elegantly written, graceful, and powerful story the present story season has not yielded us."—*Freeman*.

II.

ANDREW MARVEL AND HIS FRIENDS. A Story of the Siege of Hull. Fourth

Thousand. With Four Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

"Mrs. Hall's knowledge of the historical details is as exact as her imagination is fertile and faithful. The pictures are good, and the beautiful photograph of the statue of Marvel at Hull well deserves to be noted. Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have certainly made it a beautiful and attractive book."—*British Quarterly Review*.

III.

THE DYING SAVIOUR AND THE

GIPSY GIRL, and other Tales. Fifteenth Thousand.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"The stories are gracefully written: they are marked by good feeling and refined taste, and the moral conveyed by them is unexceptionable."—*Spectator*.

IV.

THE DYING SAVIOUR AND THE

GIPSY GIRL, and THE LIGHT OF THE

WORLD. Two Stories. Eighteenth Thousand. Fcap.

8vo, price 1s.

"A literary gem not less admirable for the beauty of its diction, and the artistic finish of its details than for its lucid exhibition of the gospel. The 'Old, Old Story' was seldom told in sweeter words."—*S. S. World*.

CHEAP ILLUSTRATED EDITIONS OF J. B. DE LIEFDE'S STORIES.

I.

A BRAVE RESOLVE ; or, the Siege of Stralsund. A Story of Heroism and Adventure. With Eight Full-page Illustrations. Crown 8vo, handsomely bound, 3s. 6d.

"Gives a capital picture of the Siege of Stralsund in the Thirty Years War. It is an excellent historical novel."—*The Guardian*.

"A highly interesting romance. The exciting events of the Thirty Years War are depicted with much fidelity, and the love story lends an additional charm to a thoroughly readable book."—*Court Journal*.

"It is admirably done—we have not read a better historical story for a long time."—*British Quarterly Review*.

II.

THE BEGGARS ; or, the Founders of the Dutch Republic. With Four Illustrations. Crown 8vo, handsomely bound in cloth, 3s. 6d.

"Mr. de Liefde's 'Beggars' is a piece of genuine historical romance, full of incident, and not wanting in colour and lesson. The book is a good and lively one, and we cordially recommend it."—*Argosy*.

"This is an interesting and animated story, the scene of which is laid in the Netherlands at a time with which Mr. Motley's works have made us familiar. The hero of Mr. de Liefde's tale engages in an attempt to rescue Count Egmont the night before his execution, and afterwards takes service in the fleet of Sea Beggars, which was so troublesome to Spain, and of such service to the young Dutch Republic. There is no lack of adventure in the book."—*Athenæum*.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE. The Story of his Life and Labours ; or, The Weaver Boy who became a Missionary. By H. G. ADAMS. With Steel Portrait and Thirty Illustrations. Fifty-seventh Thousand. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"An admirable condensation of 'The Story of the Life and Labours of Dr. Livingstone.' Comprehensive in range, abounding in detail, and vividly presenting the graphic description of the great explorer himself."—*Record*.

4 BRAVE RESOLVE.



RE-ISSUE OF JACOB ABBOTT'S STORIES.

- | | |
|--------------------|-------------------------|
| I. JUNO & GEORGIE. | III. JUNO on a JOURNEY. |
| II. MARY OSBORNE. | IV. HUBERT. |

With Frontispiece. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, price 1s. 6d. each.

"Well printed and elegantly bound, will surely meet with a hearty welcome. We remember the delight we took in them years ago, and how lessons which they inculcated have left their traces until this day. Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, was one of the warmest admirers of the author of 'The Young Christian,' and recognized in him a man of congenial spirit. For strong common sense, knowledge of child nature, and deep religious fervour, we have had nothing superior to these four delightful stories."—*Freeman*.

"The author of 'The Young Christian' is really an English classic. One of his little books exerted such an influence on Frederick Robertson of Brighton, that its perusal formed a turning-point in the life of that great preacher; and there have probably been thousands on both sides of the Atlantic similarly affected by the writings of the same author. We therefore welcome with peculiar satisfaction the elegant edition of four of his best stories."—*Christian Leader*.

SHORE AND SEA. Stories of Great Vikings and Sea Captains. By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS. Ten Illustrations. Handsomely bound, gilt edges, 5s.

"A book which is as thrilling as any romance."—*Scotsman*.

"An interesting book for adventure-loving boys. It contains a capital description of the life, customs, and manners of the Norsemen, together with much pleasantly-told information concerning 'Sebastian Cabot,' 'De Soto,' 'The Early Colonizers of Virginia,' 'Drake,' 'Hudson,' and 'Henry Morgan.' This collection will be deservedly popular."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"This is a carefully written and thoroughly good book. Mr. Adams has tried to sketch the lives of famous sea captains with fidelity as well as with graphic power. . . . It is the romance of the sea as it has been actually realized, and boys will find it as instructive as it is interesting."—*British Quarterly Review*.

JACOB ABBOTT'S STORIES.



Specimen of the Illustrations.

BY MARY PRYOR HACK.

I.

CHRISTIAN WOMANHOOD. Uniform with
"Consecrated Women" and "Self-Surrender." Elegantly
bound, 5s.

"We know no more suitable present for a young lady than this charming book, with its sketches of Mary Fletcher, Elizabeth, last Duchess of Gordon, Ann Blackhouse, Frances Ridley Havergal, and others. It will be a very fountain of inspiration and encouragement to other good women."
—*Sheffield Independent*.

II.

CONSECRATED WOMEN. Fourth
Thousand. 5s. Handsomely bound.

"The memorials are all deeply interesting, bright, and vivid."—*Freeman*.

"Some of these brief biographies are deeply interesting."—*Record*.

"The stories of such philanthropic women are profoundly touching."—*Spectator*.

III.

SELF-SURRENDER. A Second Series of
"Consecrated Women." Second Thousand. 5s. cloth
elegant.

"A most delightful book, written by a woman, about women, and for women—though it may be read by men with equal pleasure and profit. Each of the eleven chapters contains in brief, the life, history, and work of some sister who was made perfect either through service or suffering."—*Christian*.

THE SISTERS OF GLENCOE; or,
Letitia's Choice. By EVA WYNNE. Twentieth Thou-
sand. Crown 8vo, cloth elegant, price 5s.

"Its life pictures are skilfully drawn, and the most wholesome lessons are enforced with fidelity and power."—*Temperance Record*.

"An admirable story, illustrating in a most effective manner the mischief arising from the use of intoxicating liquors."—*Rock*.

BY ALEXANDER MACLEOD, D.D.

I.

THE CHILDREN'S PORTION. Crown
8vo, cloth, 5s.

"As a preacher to children, Dr. Macleod has perhaps no living equal. In these delightful chapters he seems to us to be at his best."—*Christian*.

"Sunday school teachers will be glad of the very numerous illustrations and anecdote contained in it."—*Literary World*.

"Admirable specimen of what such addresses should be, thoughtful, earnest, simple, full of affectionate appeal, and freely illustrated."—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

"This is a collection of short sermons addressed to children. They are well adapted to strike the fancy and touch the heart of the young."—*Record*.

II.

TALKING TO THE CHILDREN. Tenth
Edition. 3s. 6d.

"An exquisite work. Divine truths are here presented in simple language, illustrated by parable and anecdote at once apt and beautiful."—*Evangelical Magazine*.

III.

THE GENTLE HEART. A Second Series
of "Talking to the Children." Fifth Thousand.
Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Mr. SPURGEON says : "We have been fascinated with the originality and beauty of its thought, charmed with the simplicity and elegance of its language, enriched with the store of its illustrations, and blest in spirit through its abundant manifestation of 'the truth as it is in Jesus.'"

LINKS IN REBECCA'S LIFE. An
American Story. By PANSY. With Frontispiece. Hand-
somely bound in cloth, 5s.

"By one of the ablest and sprightliest of American story-tellers."—*Christian*.

"We should like to see every young lady of our acquaintance fully engrossed in the reading of this book. It is an admirable five shillings' worth."—*Sword and Trowel*.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRISTIE REDFERN'S
TROUBLES," etc.

I.

THE BAIRNS; or, Janet's Love and Service. With Five Illustrations. Thirteenth Thousand. Crown 8vo, cloth elegant, 5s.

"A special interest attaches to 'The Bairns.' The characters are forcibly delineated, and the touches of homeliness which seem almost peculiar to our northern kinsfolk impart a peculiar charm."—*Record*.

II.

FREDERICA AND HER GUARDIANS; or, The Perils of Orphanhood. Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"An exceedingly well-told story, full of incidents of an attractive character. The story will be admired by all thoughtful girls."—*Public Opinion*.

"A sweet, pure, and beautiful story, such as may be put with confidence into the hands of any English girl."—*Sheffield Independent*.

III.

THE TWA MISS DAWSONS. Crown 8vo, cloth, price 5s.

"We gladly welcome a new book by the author of 'The Bairns.' That charming Canadian story opened a new field for readers of fiction. The present story is limited to Eastern Scotland. It is a family picture, settling down chiefly to the experiences of a charming old maiden aunt—a most admirable delineation—and an equally charming niece."—*British Quarterly Review*.

YENSIE WALTON. An American Story.

By J. R. GRAHAM CLARK. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

"In tone and spirit, plan and execution, this is a superb story. Rich in delineation of character, and in descriptions of real experience. A more fascinating and inspiring picture of a school-mistress, in one prolonged, prayerful, and sustained endeavour to lead an orphan pupil to Christ, was never drawn."—*General Baptist Magazine*.

BY EDWIN HODDER.

I.

EPHRAIM AND HELAH. A Story of
the Exodus. Eighth Thousand. Crown 8vo, cloth
elegant, 5s.

"Mr. Hodder gives a vivid description of the daily life of the Hebrews immediately at and before the time of the coming of Moses. The picture is full of interest."—*The Queen*.

II.

TOSSED ON THE WAVES. A Story of
Young Life. Fifteenth Thousand. Fcap. 8vo, cloth,
3s. 6d.

"We cannot think that a boy could take up the book without feeling its fascination, or without rising a better lad from its perusal. The scenes of life on the sea and in the colonies are peculiarly attractive."—*British Quarterly Review*.

III.

THE JUNIOR CLERK. A Tale of City
Life. Fourteenth Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

"Mr. Shipton observes that the author described this tale to him as a fiction. He remarks: 'It may be so to him, but for every one of his statements I could supply a fact. It is not merely true to nature as a narration of the means by which young men may be—it is a true record of the ways in which many have been, and many still are being—led to dishonour and ruin.' Such a recommendation as this will be sufficient to ensure for this little book a hearty welcome from many readers."—*Christian World*.

**THE WHITE CROSS AND DOVE OF
PEARLS.** A Biography of Light and Shade. By
SARSON C. INGHAM. Sixth Thousand. Crown 8vo,
cloth, 5s.

"The White Cross and Dove of Pearls' will not disappoint the expectations of those who may already have formed justly high opinions of this strikingly original and sympathetic writer's ability to interest, to amuse, and to elevate her readers. It is a fiction without false sentiment, without unhealthy imagination, and without a single vulgar or frivolous idea."—*Daily Telegraph*.

WORKS BY W. M. THAYER.

A SHILLING EDITION OF
FROM LOG CABIN TO WHITE HOUSE.

The Story of President Garfield's Life. Now Ready. 140th Thousand. In Paper Boards, Illustrated Cover, with Fine Steel Portrait. Cloth Edition, 1s. 6d.; Cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.; Illustrated Edition, gilt edges, 5s. Suitable for Presents, Prizes, and School Libraries.

II.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: His Boyhood and Manhood. With Steel Portrait. Fifth Thousand. Handsomely bound, 5s.

"The character of Washington was a very noble one, and his life may well be taken as an example by boys. The biography is written in a lively and pleasant tone, and without any of the dryness which is too often the accompaniment of this form of literature. While the details are all strictly historical, the characters are made to live and breathe."—*Standard*.

III.

TACT, PUSH, AND PRINCIPLE. A Book for those who wish to Succeed in Life. Crown 8vo, cloth, handsomely bound, 3s. 6d.

IV.

THE PIONEER BOY, AND HOW HE BECAME PRESIDENT. The Story of the Life of Abraham Lincoln. Tenth Thousand. With Portrait. Handsomely bound, 5s.

Many of the details of this work were furnished by PRESIDENT LINCOLN himself, and by his early associates and friends.

"Mr. Thayer is not merely a biographer, a compiler of dry details, but he invests his subject with a halo of delightful romance, and the result is as pleasing as the most imaginative book of fiction. So cleverly has the author done his work, that the result is a combination of pictures from the life of this great man, with humorous anecdote and stirring narrative."—*Society*.

"The author has done his work thoroughly well, and the result is a book of exciting narrative, of humorous anecdote, and of lifelike portraiture."—*Daily Telegraph*.

LONDON: HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

